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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 320.

DREAMING AT FOUR SCORE.

BY EMMET REXFORD.

She sits there through the long sweet hours,
And sees the garden gray with flowers;
And as she dreams, old days come back,
With friends her waking moments lack.
And he is with her who has been
So long a dweller Heaven in;
And as of old, she hears him speak,
And feels his kisses on her cheek—
Her faded cheek.

And then down the orchard ways,
They wander as in bygone days,
And, as of old, he smiles on her,
His eyes his heart's interpreter.
The while in Love's enchanted land
They linger till the moon's white hand
Upflits in warning, and at this
He leaves her with a lover's kiss—
A lover's kiss.

Again she hears the prattling mirth
Of children on the happy hearth;
And little children at her knee,
Their prayers say over dreamily.
And then, like angels, all in white,
Come round her as they kiss good-night.
The years, like nuns, their heads have told,
And yet her babes have not grown old,
Have not grown old.

And so she sits and dreams away
The long hours of the summer day.
Oh, dreamer, living at the last,
Not in the present, but the past.
For you the miracle is wrought
Of which the poets dreamed and thought,
And which has haunted many men.
For you—you have your youth again!
Your youth again!

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER VIII.

LORDLY WEALTH AND HONEST POVERTY.

DESPITE the fact that the old miner had told Fairleigh Somerville that his time was precious to him, yet it was nearly twelve o'clock that night before he arose from his chair, opposite Tom Worth, who sat on the other side of the open, glowing grate, and said:

"That man, Somerville, is a rascal, Tom; but now we'll go to bed; 'tis late."

In a few moments the light was extinguished, and there was silence in the miner's cabin. The conversation that night between Tom Worth and his friend, old Ben Walford, was a long one—an earnest one.

More than once the old miner had uttered an exclamation of surprise, and once, in a lull, he had said:

"I tell you again, Tom, that Somerville is no friend of yours! He has money, too, and if occasion comes, will use it against you! Do you know of any reason why he should have this spite against you?"

"He knows that I am your friend, Ben, and that neither of us would quit our old employers, and go into the 'Great Allegheny.' That is the reason—perhaps."

Tom Worth had said that "perhaps" significantly—in fact, as if he himself did not believe what he was saying; but old Ben did not notice this.

The night passed—the gray dawn came—the heavy mist, and gloom, and darkness were rolling away from the black bosoms of the three rivers, uniting three in one.

From the numerous cabins on the mountain-side dark forms were issuing, and already the lofty, narrow ledge-paths of the tall hill were lively with groups of sooty miners hurrying along to their work, to relieve the "night-shift."

From the door of Ben Walford's little cabin Tom Worth and his sturdy old friend had some time since gone out. They were faithful laborers and early risers, and lingered not when the hours of work were upon them.

They took their way rapidly along the murky path, exchanging monosyllabic words of greeting with their fellow workmen hastening on, like them, to bury themselves the live-long day deep down in the pits, and galleries, and levels of the coal mines.

Our two friends reached the shaft, and having lit the little lamps attached to their hats, were about to enter the bucket to be lowered away, when the overseer called Tom Worth to him and gave him a letter, telling him it had come to the office late the night before.

The young man took the missive, and drawing to one side, tore it open and read it. As his eyes fell on the hard, smooth page and glanced over the black, business-like characters written thereon, the young man started; but he read on, until he had finished it. Then drawing, respectfully, near the overseer, he said:

"I would like to be excused to-day, Mr. Hayhurst. Mr. Harley wishes to see me, sir."

"Very good, Tom; but be back as soon as you can; you know you missed yesterday." The overseer spoke kindly.

"Yes, sir; but, sir, you can stop my wages for the two days, sir," said Tom.

"Stop your wages! Not a bit of it, my man! Not a bit of it! We all know, Tom," he continued, "of your gallantry of night before last on the mountain, and no man who can do such deeds shall have his pay stopped for any cause." The overseer spoke promptly and decidedly. The men standing around showed their approval in a loud murmur; but old Ben Walford said right out:



By the light still burning from the lamp on his hat, he again perused the missive.

"Spoken like a man—as we all know you to be—Mr. Hayhurst! Good-by, Tom," he continued, stepping into the large "cage" after the other men; "we'll expect you soon," and the huge bucket, with a creak and a rattle, disappeared from view.

Tom Worth, now all alone, for the overseer had turned into the coal-breaker, drew out the letter, and by the light still burning from the lamp on his hat, again perused the missive. It was not a long communication, and it read as follows:

"No. — Stockton Avenue, Allegheny City, Nov. 29, 1859.

"Tom Worth,
"Laborer at the 'Black Diamond' Mine:
"I see by the papers that you acted well, and at the risk of your own life, in saving my daughter from certain destruction on the night of the accident on Mount Washington. I would not let such gallantry go unrewarded. So, get an excuse from the overseer, and come to see me as early as you can to-morrow. Though nearly distracted over the loss of my child, yet I have reason and gratitude enough left me to be able to thank you fully, and to reward you well."
RICHARD HARLEY.

There was no concession shown in this note—not at all—though it did seem as if the better nature was struggling against the conventionalities of society—its rank and position. It will be observed that Mr. Harley did not write "Dear Sir," nor even the colder, more formal "Sir," at the top of his smooth sheet. Nor at the bottom did he say "gratefully," or "truly," or even "respectfully yours," but simply attached his signature.

Mr. Harley wished Tom Worth to understand that, in inviting him to his princely mansion, the rich ex-iron merchant did not compromise his own position in society, nor elevate him, Tom Worth, from his, in the coal mine.

His idea was to pay the man a sum in golden dollars or crisp bank-notes, and at the same time to learn from him as much as possible in regard to the fate of his daughter, or to draw out from Tom some suggestions as to her fate. That was all, and so Tom Worth fully understood it. He smiled bitterly as he carefully refolded the letter, pushed aside his long, tawny beard, sooty and soiled, and thrust the missive into his jacket pocket.

That day, about half-past nine o'clock, a tall man, with auburn hair, and large blue eyes, his face almost entirely covered with a luxuriant mass of yellow beard and whiskers, turned into Stockton Avenue, in Allegheny City. The man was clad in rather coarse attire—heavy boots on his feet, a rough overcoat, and pantaloons of cheap though good material.

Pausing before the gate of the Harley mansion, he hesitated for a moment, and then walking up the gravelled walk to the door, rang the bell with decided energy. The broad hall within speedily echoed to hasty steps. Then the door was opened, and a man in rich livery stood before him.

"Your business?" he asked, gruffly, scrutinizing the coarse garb of him who had polluted the silver door-knob by his plebeian touch.

"To your master I'll tell it; is he at home?"

The servant's face in an instant reddened. "I have no master, I can tell you, my fine fellow!" he said. "Mr. Harley is my employer."

"'Tis all one; is he at home?"

"Yes, but—"

"All right; I have a letter from him, requesting me to call. Is he at home for visitors?"

"Yes, sir! Excuse me! Come in," and the

servant at once changed his deportment, bowed the man into the house, and then into the gorgeous parlor.

As he entered this apartment, Tom Worth—it was he—started, trembled. Glancing around him quickly, he strode across the room to the opposite wall, on which hung a portrait of Grace Harley—an elegant work of art, portraying the young girl in all her ravishing beauty when seventeen years of age.

For a whole minute the miner stood there, gazing at the picture glowing on the canvas, which seemed as if it might almost speak to him. He heeded not the elegance and extravagant show of wealth by which he was surrounded; but gazed into the angelic face suspended above him, and with clasped hands, murmured:

"Oh, Grace! God be with you in your dark hour. You shall be saved! Will it be for me to—"

The returning footsteps of the servant warned him that other ears were not far off. He quickly seated himself as the man appeared and said:

"Mr. Harley is now ready to receive you—follow me."

Taking up his cane, the miner strode close behind the servant to the library.

Mr. Harley was standing contentedly before the open grate, his hands behind him. He glanced with a keen scrutiny at his visitor.

Lordly Wealth and honest Poverty stood face to face.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM WORTH'S OPINION.

TOM WORTH stood quietly in that majestic presence; he was not at all abashed, but rather he seemed to draw up his own superb, stalwart form, more loftily.

For a moment the old gentleman gazed upon his visitor; and then, frowning his seals, which dangled in profusion over his richly-clad bosom, he said, as if forgetting himself:

"Be seated, my man—Mr. Worth—I suppose that is your name?"

"Yes, sir; but fit your business with me is brief, I prefer to stand," said Tom Worth, glancing with some hauteur at the rich man, who, though he pointed his visitor to a seat, made no sign of taking one himself.

"Ah! excuse me! Please be seated, Mr. Worth. I desire to have a little talk with you," and the rich old gentleman set the example and took a seat himself.

Tom took the proffered chair, retaining his cane but between his hands.

"Will you take some refreshments, sir—a little Spanish wine perhaps?" said the rich man, evidently constrained into respect and deference by the deportment of his guest.

"No, sir, thank you," returned the other; "I have breakfasted well."

Mr. Harley started as he heard the words, spoken so courteously—so correctly.

"Your voice sounds strangely familiar to me, Mr. Worth. Have I seen you before?" suddenly asked Mr. Harley.

It was now Tom Worth's time to be startled. For a moment, and a moment only, a flush passed over his face. It was quickly gone.

"No doubt, sir; I have been in Pittsburgh for many months, and I have often seen you, sir."

"Yes, yes; and were you born here?" persisted Mr. Harley.

"I was born, not here, but—"

"Where did you come from, then?" asked the old gentleman.

Tom Worth reddened again, and bit his lip, viciously, but the angry gesture was hid beneath the heavy mustache that shaded his mouth, and swept down, far over the hirsute chin.

"Many, many miles from here, Mr. Harley; but, sir, 'tis a long story to tell, and my life is far from being an interesting one. You sent for me to make inquiries concerning your daughter?"

The old man felt the rebuke.

"Thank you!" he said, deeply, and this time, the real man—the father, spoke; "thank you, Mr. Worth, for your reminder. I sent for you to ask you what you knew of that outrageous affair—the part you took in it, and to show my gratitude to you, for your noble conduct. Alas! alas! my poor, dear child!"

"I sincerely hope all may be well with her, Mr. Harley," said Tom Worth, sympathizingly. He spoke very earnestly, very warmly, and the old man again glanced at him. But Tom Worth had bowed his head low down; his eyes were invisible.

At length he looked up, his face calm and imperturbable.

"As time is precious with me, Mr. Harley—I am a laboring man, you know, sir—I will tell you, in a few words, all I know of this painful affair."

"Yes, Mr. Worth, go on."

"I was detained from going to my cabin, night before last, by certain circumstances, and found myself on the Mount Washington road up on the ledge. I was seated by the roadside when I heard wheels. The vehicle evidently was going at a rapid pace. I looked up. As I did so, I saw two forms dart out from the roadside, and dash for the carriage—an open buggy. One of the men clutched the horses by the bridle; the other went straight to the carriage. A lady and gentleman sat in that carriage. A struggle ensued, in which the gentleman either fell from the vehicle, or was hurled from it."

Tom Worth paused as he emphasized "fell," but continued at once:

"The horses took fright, and broke by the man who stood at their head. I had remained still, until now, scarcely able to realize matters. But suddenly my energies were aroused, and as the frightened horses dashed past me, straight for the brink of the precipice, I sprang forward, caught them by the head-reins, and by severe efforts, succeeded in checking them. Pressing them safely back, and quieting them, I approached the carriage. The lady was paralyzed with fear, and that lady, sir, was Grace—your daughter. At that moment I was struck senseless. When I recovered my reason—and an hour must have elapsed—I found no one on the road save myself."

He paused.

"Is that all you know, my good man, of this terrible affair?"

Tom Worth did not answer at once. As a shade of anxiety passed over his face, he pondered. Then he answered promptly:

"How could I know more, Mr. Harley? Remember, I had gone down under the blow—that my senses had forsaken me."

"True, true; and, Mr. Worth, what were you doing—did you say—on the mountain?"

An angry flush passed over Tom Worth's face, but he controlled himself, though he answered very sternly:

"On my own business, sir."

"Ah! exactly," said Mr. Harley, looking foolish.

Several moments elapsed in silence. Tom Worth, glancing around him, rose to go.

"One moment, one moment, Mr. Worth," exclaimed the old gentleman, unwilling to let him go; "have you thought on this subject any—have you formed an opinion?" and his eyes strained into the other's face, as if endeavoring to gain from it some clue, some hope.

The miner hesitated, while a dark scowl wrinkled his handsome, honest face; but he sat down again.

"It is not for me, a poor man, an humble miner, Mr. Harley, to have any opinion at all in a matter of this sort. I chanced to be on the mountain, and saw what transpired. Had I not been there, of course I would have known nothing of it," was his singular reply.

"All true, Mr. Worth," continued the old man, still hoping as it were against hope—longing for some information, however meager, in regard to the whereabouts of his daughter; "but, sir, you are a man of judgment—you must be, from your courage and nerve. It is hardly possible that you have not an opinion in this matter. Tell me if you have."

Tom Worth pondered again; his face was very serious, and now and then it contracted, as though after thought crowded through his mind.

"I am a poor man, Mr. Harley, though the farther I am an honest one; but, sir," he said, suddenly, "my word is nothing when money can be brought against it."

"What mean you?" demanded the old gentleman.

"—And my opinion, coming as it would, from a poor man's lips, is simply worth nothing," continued the miner, unheeding the interruption.

"Again, what do you mean?" asked the rich man.

"Though, for all that, I have my opinion, Mr. Harley," said the miner, finishing his sentence, and paying no attention to the old man's questions.

"Well, what is your opinion?" asked Mr. Harley.

"I should have more properly said—suspicions, sir," said Worth, quietly.

"Suspicions! and of what?" asked the old gentleman, starting violently.

"Suspicions, sir, as to the motive prompting this fiendish outrage," and the scowl on Tom Worth's face grew blacker; "likewise as to who committed that glaring crime, right here in the midst of a great city," and Tom Worth gazed fixedly and unflinchingly into the rich man's face.

Old Mr. Harley sprung to his feet.

"Say you so, say you so, my good man! Make good your suspicions and surmises, and you can command my purse, for any amount. And here now, beforehand, for your gallantry on the hill, accept this purse. It contains bank-notes to the amount of \$500. Take it, sir," and he thrust the well-filled purse into the miner's hands.

But Tom Worth's fingers did not close over that purse, within which the new bank-notes crisped and crackled; he put it away from him with a motion of disgust, with a firmness so decided, that it was almost rude.

"No, sir! my conduct cannot be made marketable, Mr. Harley! I cannot even thank you for the offer, for it is an insult to an honest man's pride and sense of duty."

The old ex-merchant recoiled with amazement, almost speechless with astonishment. Never before had he met such a man!

"What!" he gasped, "not take money, and you so poor, as you, yourself, say?"

"True, sir, I will not take the money, and though very poor, am still rich enough to refuse your offer."

The old man sat down, almost beside himself with astonishment and incredulity. Recovering, however, from his stupor, he looked up and said:

"Very good, then, Mr. Worth; but, sir, tell me if you please, what you suspect in regard to this matter?"

"The prompting motive, sir, was a contemptible one—a dark one—one which you, as a rich man, may surmise," and Tom Worth looked straight at the old man.

"I understand you, sir," said the father, in a slow, labored voice, as the red blood flowed away from his cheeks; "and, my good man, the PERPETRATOR!" and his voice sunk to a whisper.

"One, sir, of whom you think a great deal—one who has money; none less, sir, than your fr—"

At that moment a loud ring on the bell startled them, and in a second a note was handed in. The old gentleman took it, opened it half-impatiently, as if he did not like the interruption.

As his eyes fell upon the sheet, a sudden frown wrinkled his face. He glanced fiercely at Tom Worth, then nervously, anxiously at the clock, and a smile of angry satisfaction swept over his face.

Just then heavy steps echoed on the gravelled walk outside, coming from the street, and then the bell rung again. In a minute more, the hall of the rich man's house was filled with men, and old Richard Harley rubbed his hands with joy.

CHAPTER X.

INSNARED.

It may be well for us at this point to return briefly to the mountain road that dreary night, which witnessed there the outrage recorded. When her unknown friend in her hour of greatest danger—and the reader knows that friend, though the maiden did not—had sprung

forward and caught the horses, Grace Harley, overcome by terror, swooned and sunk down moaning in the foot of the carriage. It is true she did not swoon until, as she thought, her protector had suddenly disappeared.

Grace was awakened by some one dashing water in her face, from a cup which had been improvised as a basin.

She shivered and struggled to her feet, but quickly sunk backward on the seat, with a groan of terror, and a half-shriek of alarm. She had only time to glance around her, but that glance revealed to her three figures—one standing on each side of the carriage, and the third being erect in the buggy. He it was who held the cup of water, and was endeavoring to restore her to consciousness.

In another moment a rough bandage was thrown rudely over her eyes, and then, in an instant, a gag was slipped between her teeth and secured, and her slender wrists were bound viciously together. All this occupied but a moment, and before the girl could utter a note of alarm or cry for help.

For a moment a hurried conversation was carried on by her captors, in a tone so low and guarded that she heard not a single word, nor even the tones of the men, sufficiently distinct for her to recognize them, if she should know them.

At the end of this conference, the party evidently separated, for the girl heard steps moving away.

Only a few moments elapsed before she recognized the crunching of wheels on the hard road, and the rough tones of a man, speaking in a subdued voice to the horse. The vehicle paused by the light carriage. The maiden was at once lifted from the latter, and in an instant a soft cord was passed around her ankles, entirely preventing the use of her limbs, being now literally "bound hand and foot." Then she was placed inside the vehicle, which, it was plain to her, from its roominess, was an open spring or Jersey wagon. She was laid on the hard bottom of the wagon, and a heavy cloak thrown over her.

Her efforts were vain, and in a kind of half-stupor she lay still, scarcely breathing, praying at the same time to die, and be rid of this worse than death. Then she heard a man ascend to the broad board in front of the wagon-body, which served as a seat; and then, another mounted likewise.

In a moment, regardless of the comfort of the tender maiden, lying so helpless in the wagon, the driver lashed the horse, and away they rattled at a break-neck pace down the steep mountain road.

At length the wagon came down to a more moderate pace; then it was evident that, at last, they were going down the sharp declivity of the Mount Washington road toward the Smithfield street bridge. Continuing on, for a few minutes, the wagon suddenly rolled over hard, smooth, well-worn timbers, and paused.

Then the voice of the toll-keeper sounded strangely familiar on the poor girl's ear, and she, though but a few feet from him, could not appeal to him.

"Where are you bound, Tom?" asked the man, as he was handing the change back, of the fellow who drove the horse.

"My name's in everybody's mouth! But, I am bound on my own business, and that's not yours!" was the rough reply, in a harsh voice, as the speaker struck the horse, and the wag moved on.

Under the flaring gas-lamp this man bore a striking resemblance to Tom Worth.

Once across the bridge, the wagon again rattled on over the pavement of the street. It turned here and there, tore around this corner and climbed that hill, as Grace Harley could easily tell by the swaying and swinging of the vehicle, and by the manner in which she was thrown so rudely from side to side.

On and on went the wagon, first into this street, then into that; now going at a rapid pace, now slowly climbing a long, laborious hill, now descending this same hill.

Still no word had been spoken by those grim men who carried the maiden away, a silent, unresisting prisoner.

At length the wagon paused, and one of the men sprung to the ground. In an instant creaking chains were heard, and low words spoken to the panting horse. Then the man speedily remounted, and struck the animal with the whip. Again the wagon rattled on. Something had broken about the harness.

The vehicle was now going up another, long, steep hill. The wheels creaked, and the labored breathing of the horse told that the ascent was heavy.

The air grew fresher, and the wind howled dimly through the open cracks in the wagon, and with its damp breath, chilled the maiden through and through.

Louder wailed the wind; colder grew its wet breath. It was plain to the girl that they were approaching some sparsely-settled portion of the city—most probably the top of some one of the big hills surrounding the place, or it might be, in the country.

The girl shuddered. Suddenly, with a creak and a groan from the wheels, and a deep, labored pant from the horse, the wagon paused. The men leaped quickly to the ground, lifted the cramped form of the girl from her painful posture, and unbinding her feet, but leaving the blindfold and the gag on, and her wrists secured, bore her from the wagon.

The ominous click of a lock sounded on the air. The girl felt herself borne into a warmer, more genial atmosphere.

She was placed upon her feet. The men retreated, and locked the door behind them.

Grace Harley was all alone in that dark, silent room.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 818.)

Chat.—A correspondent from Ohio writes: "Spring began to unpack her valise yesterday, but to-day she had to put on her thick underclothing." Thomson's Seasons, Ethereal Mildness, Hall Vernal Spring, etc., can probably be bought there, at a heavy discount.

Dingbot wants to know if George L. Aiken is any relative of Albert W. Aiken. They are slightly *akin*—being brothers. Dingbot thinks Fergus Fearnought equal to Dickens' best, which of course makes Aiken akin to Dickens—which is likewise brotherly.

"Keep to the right as the law enjoins!"—which is a judicial mode of saying "be sure you are right before you go ahead." This is especially true in the matter of reading. There is so much that is vile, in many of our daily papers that a rigid censorship of the press exercised by the careful parent is very desirable. A good healthy-tongued weekly is the safest reading in the hands of the young folks.

Such a paper as the SATURDAY JOURNAL is one of the best possible antidotes to much of the ill that the daily press does, says a lady correspondent writing from Pittsburgh. We think, with our correspondent, that a well conducted, popular weekly paper, pure in tone and of the widest interest in the rarity of its contents, is a safe educator.

MY IDOL.

BY MARK WILTON.

I bow to no unliving thing,
Like heathen of the southern sea;
A maiden fair the idol is
To whom I bend a loyal knee.

Scarce fourteen years her life canoe
Adown the stream of time has sped;
And on her cheeks, so round and fair,
Bloom bright the budding roses red.

Her ripe, red lips, so full and sweet,
Scarcely made for kisses, pure and warm;
Her speaking eyes, like stars at night,
Hold beauty sweet in fairest form.

Her knightly lover I would be,
As, in the days of old romance,
For love of lady cavalier
Swept down on foes with leveled lance.

But when she's grown to womanhood,
And gallants bend to seek her hand,
Will she give thought to one like me—
No longer one of youth's gay band?

If when in future years I roam
In distant lands, or sail the main,
Will she e'er think of me afar,
And will my absence cause her pain?

I've watched her now through fleeting years—
My love has grown with her own growth;
I'll love her still when added years
Untold have rolled above us both.

May God keep her whose tender heart
Scarcely knows of life's rough way;
And ever on through fleeting years
Her lot be one unclouded day.

FERGUS FEARNUGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

LAWYER PICKLES, sitting in his office awaiting the coming of Loriania Yorke, was considerably surprised by the unceremonious opening of his door and the entrance of Rufus Glendenning.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed; and his eyebrows twitched perplexedly.

"I thought I might find you in," said Glendenning, as he sat down carelessly in the first convenient chair.

"Yes, I am here in *propria persona*, as you see," answered Pickles, attempting his usual lightness of speech, but he reflected uneasily:

"What a cursed awkward dilemma it would be if the lady should call while he is here."

"What are you thinking about?" inquired Glendenning, who perceived his preoccupation.

"Eh! hum—ah! Oh! a variety of things. I've got a particular case on hand just now, and it's kind of puzzling me."

"Business good, eh?"

"Never better."

Glendenning took off his hat and brushed it lightly with his hand.

"How does our case come on?" he asked.

"The boy, Fergus Fearnought?"

"Yes."

"Swimmingly."

"I think I am in a fair way to discover his mother."

"You do?" cried Glendenning, with animation.

Pickles winked at him significantly.

"Ah, yes, as if you didn't know!" he cried, playfully. "Is there no fair lady, among your circle of distinguished friends, whom this boy greatly resembles, eh, ha, ha, ah!"

"Loriania Yorke?" answered Glendenning, involuntarily, and thus falling into the trap that Pickles had laid for him.

Pickles could scarcely conceal his satisfaction.

"Yorke—Yorke?" he said, musingly. "That's one of your firm, isn't it?"

"Yes, Elliott Yorke. He was appointed my guardian in my infancy."

"To look after your dimes, eh?"

"Yes."

Pickles was aware that Glendenning perverted the truth here, and that far from having any "dimes" he had been left penniless at his father's death, and had been kindly cared for by Elliott Yorke, out of friendship for his father.

"This Loriania is his wife?" continued Pickles, pursuing the investigation with avidity.

"Yes; but I think you are mistaken in your surmise regarding her. I had the same idea myself at first, but recent circumstances have caused me to modify it. The boy may hold a different relationship to her altogether from that."

"What makes you think so?"

"Glendenning related the story of the portrait, greatly to Pickles' edification."

"She has promised to tell him all, you see," he said in conclusion. "Would she dare do that if any blame could fall on her?"

Pickles shook his head in a very non-committal manner.

"That's more than I can say," he answered.

"What do you think?" persisted Glendenning.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks," quoted Pickles in reply.

"Hah! you think she will not tell him?"

"Bless my soul! who can say what a woman will or will not do?"

"Oh, woman! In our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please," and who can jump as many ways as fleas, according to the humor of the moment. 'She is a riddle that he who solved the Sphinx's would die guessing!' As we say in eucher, on that question I pass. Who was this afore-said female before she married Mr. Elliott Yorke?"

"The daughter of old Garret Van Amringe of Bergen Hill."

"What, one of the early settlers there—the original Dutch?" cried Pickles, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Hum! Owned a good deal of land, didn't he?"

"He did, but it passed into Elliott Yorke's hands some way."

"By this marriage?"

"No! before the marriage. The old man speculated, and Elliott Yorke held mortgages for cash advanced. I have always thought that Loriania married him to save the old man from utter ruin. At all events, the marriage settled the business by giving all to Elliott Yorke."

"Hum! a very judicious settlement. Nice sort of man this Elliott Yorke, eh, ha, ha?"

"Oh, yes, a gentleman in every sense of the word goes," answered Glendenning, carelessly.

"Hum! these particulars will be of great service to me, Mr. Glendenning," said Pickles.

"I think I shall be able to make a very clean case of it now. This Mrs. Yorke is very handsome, is she not?"

"Beautiful as an angel!" replied Glendenning, fervently.

Pickles smiled significantly.

"You would kind of like to get a hold on her, wouldn't you?" he asked, artfully.

Glendenning arose excitedly to his feet, crying:

"You just get that hold for me, Pickles, and I'll make your fortune!"

Pickles smiled and nodded his head.

"Matters are in good train," he responded. "Some things have been done, and others are a-going. I think the mystery will shortly be developed now."

By Jove, Pickles! you know what you are about."

"I do; you can take your affidavit of that," answered the little lawyer, with a smile of peculiar significance.

Glendenning took out his pocket-book.

"See here, Pickles, machinery always runs smoother for a little oiling," he said. "Perhaps you would not object to a little something on account."

"We lawyers have an itching palm; money never comes amiss to us."

Glendenning counted out a number of bills and placed them on the table before Pickles.

"There's a hundred dollars," he said; "but I'll make it a thousand if you can obtain for me any information that will bring about a separation between Elliott Yorke and his wife. You understand what I want?"

"Thoroughly."

"Be expeditious; the quicker this is brought about the better."

"Oh, yes; we'll 'come at once to Hecuba.' You will hear of something that will astonish you shortly."

"Very good!" exclaimed Glendenning, in a gratified manner. "Now I'm off, but I'll look in again in a day or two."

So saying Rufus Glendenning took his departure.

"Oh, the pernicious cat!" exclaimed Pickles, as the door closed upon him. "But I'll scoop in this hundred dollars, notwithstanding any opinion of him. All's fish that comes to my net."

He gathered up the money and put it away in his pocket-book.

"But it's no use, my gentle Rufus!" he continued. "The lady has seen me and gone five better, and I think she is likely to prove the better client of the two. I'm afraid I shall have to play the odds on you."

His musings were interrupted by a sharp knock at the door.

"Talk of the Fiend, they say—here comes the Duke! Here comes Mrs. Yorke, I'll wager a small trifle. Come in!" he cried.

The door opened and Loriania entered, at tired and veiled as on her previous visit. He placed a chair for her with polite alacrity, and she sank into it.

"Rufus Glendenning has just left you," she said, excitedly.

"Ah! you met him, did you? Did he recognize you?" he cried, quickly.

Such a meeting would have been very detrimental to his plans.

"He did not see me."

"That's fortunate, very—very!"

"I was coming towards your office on the opposite side of the way when I saw him approaching your door; so I watched and waited until I saw him leave."

"A very judicious movement on your part, Mrs. Yorke—very, in-deed."

"You know me?" she cried, starting to her feet. "Did you tell him that I had been here?"

"By no means, madam. That would be a breach of professional confidence that nothing could tempt me to be guilty of. On the contrary, he told me who you were."

"Loriania Yorke?" he asked, and she threw back her veil. "There shall be no concealments between us. I will trust you, and as I have already told you, it will be greatly to your interest to serve me faithfully."

Pickles, though by no means of a susceptible nature, was strangely thrilled by the sight of that fair face.

"He thought, 'for she is handsome enough to put fire into a heart of stone.' Then in answer to her, he replied: 'You will never regret doing so, madam, I can assure you.'"

"Now I want you to tell me all that Rufus Glendenning has been saying to you. Will you do so?"

"I will, madam, *verbatim et literatim*—word for word, and letter for letter. It shall be a fair commencement, better still continuation, but the winding up the best of all. Listen, and judge for yourself."

Hereupon Pickles recounted all that had transpired between himself and Rufus Glendenning.

"Fool!" exclaimed Loriania, scornfully. "Does he think that if I separated from Elliott Yorke I would wed with him? He is mad to think so!"

"Of course he is! There's never any reason in a man in love, and Rufus Glendenning is decidedly off his head—de-ci-ded-ly! But I don't wonder at it now I see the cause."

Pickles put his hand over his heart and bowed gallantly, and Loriania was forced to smile at his eccentric manner, despite herself.

"Mr. Rufus Glendenning does not cause me any anxiety," she said. "I have something of more importance to think of. Have you obtained the boy's release?"

"I have, madam. On my representation of the facts and of an idle crowd of men and boys, that always collects on the slightest provocation in the streets of New York, and the shrieks of terrified women and children, who, returning from pleasure-journeys in the country, thronged the neighborhood of the ferry-house, the infuriated steers, with blazing eyes, foaming mouths, tossing their horns threateningly, and lashing themselves with their tails, dashed up Chambers street toward West Broadway."

Their first victim was a schoolboy who was crossing the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. He was caught by the horns of the foremost of the infuriated animals and tossed into the air.

He fell to the ground, not killed, but badly hurt.

The exclamations of frightened women and cries of terror-stricken children filled the air. All fled in frantic terror before the charge of the furious beasts.

A feeble old woman was next overtaken, trod down, and trampled on. As she lay under the cruel hoofs the gazers were transfixed with horror.

A strong youth, who turned from a cross-street, and paused to learn the cause of this uproar, was hurled bleeding to the ground.

The police came rushing to the scene, and a dozen of them formed in line at West Broadway, where Chambers street crosses, and by brandishing their clubs and shouting and discharging their revolvers as fast as possible turned the course of the steers.

They stood at bay, with lurid eyes and heaving sides, their broad chests whitened with foam.

The police maintained a hot fire with their revolvers.

"Oh, he is drowned—he is drowned!" she moaned.

"Banish such a thought from your mind," said Pickles, reassuringly. "I am confident that he is alive—and kicking, to use a popular phrase, and we shall soon find him."

"But, why has he not gone to those people with whom he lived?" urged Loriania.

"For the simplest of all reasons: the boy does not know anything about his discharge; he looks upon himself as an escaped convict, and he doesn't want to be caught, don't you see? and so he will lay low for the present."

Loriania's face brightened at this explanation.

"You are right!" she said. "Oh, I am so thankful that I came to you—I thought of sending my lawyer to you—an old and trusted friend of our family—but my impatience urged me to visit you in person."

"It was inspiration, madam; these happy thoughts always come that way. I shall seek diligently for the boy, and the moment he is found I will apprise you."

"Do you know where I live?" she cried, surprisedly.

"It will not be difficult for me to discover the residence of Mr. Elliott Yorke," he answered, with a smile. "The city directory will tell me that, I fancy."

"I will save you that trouble. Here is my card. When you find the boy, bring him to me there."

Pickles took the card, mechanically.

"Bring him to you—there?" he rejoined, surprisedly.

"Yes, you appear to be surprised?"

"Well, yes, madam, I am—I must confess it—slightly—slightly."

"With all your keenness, are you at fault, Mr. Pickles?" she inquired. "Have you not discovered why I am so much interested in this boy?"

Pickles inclined his head, deprecatingly.

"Madam, it is not for me to form any opinion concerning your motives," he replied. "It is enough for me to carry out your instructions, and receive such confidences as you choose to bestow upon me. In due time, I have no doubt, you will tell me all that is necessary for me to know."

"You shall know it—all the world shall know it—when the proper time comes!" she exclaimed; and drew her veil over her face, preparatory for her departure.

"Shall I not call a carriage for you?" he asked.

"I thank you, no; the distance is but short to the ferry, and I prefer to walk. Remember, you are to bring the boy to me as soon as found."

"I will not forget it, madam. Rely upon me."

"I do. Good-day, sir."

He opened the door for her and she passed out. He watched her descend the stairs.

"What a magnificent woman!" he murmured, with enthusiasm. "And what a green goosing that Rufus Glendenning is to think that she would ever waste a thought on him!"

He closed his office-door, thrust both his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and shook his head, philosophically.

"What fools women do make of us men, to be sure—to be sure!" he continued. "Anthony lost a world for love of Cleopatra, and Glendenning's penchant for lovely Mrs. Yorke will knock him higher than a kite!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WILD STEERS.

LORIANIA YORKE walked down Center street toward the City Hall Park, intending to cross it to Broadway. By the time she reached the corner of Chambers street, she became conscious that something unusually exciting was occurring in the city.

People were rushing about in a hurried and agitated manner. Little squads of police dashed swiftly past her. The crowd surged in the direction she was going as if some great sight awaited them, and they were anxious to behold it.

Was it a fire, or what? She did not hear any alarm-bell sounding, nor were there any engines in the street.

The crowd increased in density around her, and she was pushed forward in the throng. She could not have extricated herself from it now if she had desired to do so.

A feeling of alarm seized upon her. This wild and excited crowd, that bore her along with it, as one is swept onward by a swift and irresistible current, filled her breast with dread.

Danger of some sort appeared to be imminent. But what could it be!

"The bulls! the bulls!" she heard the men shouting around her.

What could they mean! If she had been crossing a field in the country she might have understood such a cry, and taken it as a warning. But, surely, there could be no wild bulls in the streets of New York!

But there was, though, and the wildest kind of bulls.

Eight large Texan steers, that had been brought to the city by an Erie Railroad ferry-boat, maddened by starvation and thirst, when they were landed at the foot of Chambers street became uncontrollable.

Eluding their drovers, and frenzied by the yell and shouts of an idle crowd of men and boys, that always collects on the slightest provocation in the streets of New York, and the shrieks of terrified women and children, who, returning from pleasure-journeys in the country, thronged the neighborhood of the ferry-house, the infuriated steers, with blazing eyes, foaming mouths, tossing their horns threateningly, and lashing themselves with their tails, dashed up Chambers street toward West Broadway.

Their first victim was a schoolboy who was crossing the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. He was caught by the horns of the foremost of the infuriated animals and tossed into the air.

He fell to the ground, not killed, but badly hurt.

The exclamations of frightened women and cries of terror-stricken children filled the air. All fled in frantic terror before the charge of the furious beasts.

before her, holding in his right hand the gleaming bayonet which the Dutchman had lost in his fall, with which he boldly faced the steer.

This boy's hair was so short that you could not see any of it beneath his cap, and he had a white face, with a vivid red blush in either cheek, and a bright blue eye. His bearing was utterly dauntless.

The mob shouted encouragingly to him. "It's Ferg Fearnought!" cried Rowdy Rube.

"And he's a goin' fur der bull!" exclaimed Terry.

These two youths had followed the steer to the park, and were still taking a look at "the fun."

The steer appeared to be very much astonished to find himself thus confronted by so slight an antagonist.

He paused with erected head and distended nostrils and glared at him.

Fergus bounded swiftly forward and plunged his weapon in the steer's breast.

The animal sprang toward him, blood streaming from the deep wound, but Fergus warily leaped aside, and as the steer passed him buried the sword bayonet in its side.

He was fortunate enough to reach a vital part, for the steer staggered confusedly for a few moments and then fell over upon its side, dead.

The police formed a circle about the carcass and emptied their revolvers into it, and the crowd hacked it with knives, Rowdy Rube and Terry participating in this singular amusement with great glee.

Fergus resigned the sword bayonet to the owner, who came just then to claim it, and turned his attention to Loran, who remained upon her knees with her face buried in her hands.

He raised her gently up, and supported her toward a bench, she yielding to his direction passively.

"You're safe, ma'am," he said. "The bull's killed."

She shivered, and then looked at him, saying:

"My brave youth, to whom do I owe—Heavens! it is he—my own—my boy!—my boy!"

And she caught Fergus in her arms, and pressed him wildly to her heart.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

A fine thought, well expressed. Such poems come from the heart as well as mind. We gladly give them space.—Ed.

THE POET'S LESSON.

BY JOHN GOSSET.

A poet, weary with the day
Wherein he muse had given birth
To no new song—although a lay
Had once so near approached that he could
Almost sing it!

Sat down to think in deep unrest,
While yet a yearning beat his breast,
How little of his life had worth—
How sweet a song to men he'd bring, could he
But bring it!

It was as though all days before
Had never been; as though—far more—
His life had not begun;
And he was waiting for the breath of song
To give that life its genesis

Before the day were done.
Sometimes unto us all this sickness comes—
This weariness the world names discontent;
Sometimes we shut our ears and will not know,
By hearing, any duty which is sent
Unto our hands; for, see! our duty is to do
Our fittest work, and leave the rest—
Our fittest work, as that's our best.

Thus do we reason; and, when routine breaks,
We see no gleam before, no gleam behind,
Till it resumes.

So, while the singer sat, he thought:
Could he but bring with beauty fraught
To eyes of men a song of love,
His day would even now be saved,
And he might walk his evening rove,
The way with satisfaction paved.

While thus he mused, the outer door
Swung open, and a second more
Revealed the figure of a lad
Whose piercing plaint and face deep-sad,
As forth the wayward doted his woe,
Implored the poet to bestow
A beggar's crust, a beggar's bed,
Where he might rest his burning head.

It seemed as though the light of Heaven had
Dropped upon that singer then!
His eyes were opened, and he saw—he saw, as
Written with a pen,
These words: "Thy song has come to thee!
Arise, and of thy poverty
Give unto him that asketh thee;
For so thou givest unto me!"

Blest writing of the King of kings!
The poet gives, the poet sings;
And thus the poet's poverty
Proves worth of all his days the most.
The song he sung was not I wis,
A wondrous song—'twas simply this!

Vials of Wrath:

OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.—CONTINUED.

For one second, Ethel seemed rooted to the floor. Her color turned to an ashen hue and the features of her countenance seemed to actually petrify with horror, terror, surprise.

Havelstock advanced toward her, a perfectly simulated expression of delight and gladness on his face.

"Ethel! Ethel! have I found you at last! My wife—my—"

She moved her hand with a haughty gesture.

"Your wife? You have the insolence to call me wife after your behavior! Don't say that again! What is it you want of me?"

He skillfully assumed an expression of sorrowful reproach.

"What do I want of you? you can ask me that the first time you see me after my coming to you from the very jaws of death! Ethel—what would I want of you but to find you, and take you to our home again?"

She drew back in shivering loathing.

"Never! you forfeited all right to me by your long-continued neglect. You do not, for a moment, think I do not understand all your successful schemes!"

He bit his lip under his mustache, and an unspoken curse was in his heart.

Did she know? had Vincy told her?

It was a rough venture, but he decided at once to see if she really knew anything.

"My schemes? what schemes, Ethel? you call my long absence a cruel neglect when the months were passed tossing in the fever-ward of a French hospital! You call it a scheme—the awful accident that so nearly resulted in my death, that did result in the death of a companion with us; the providential rescue from the waters by a French bark, when I was unconscious and dying? You blame me, do you, Ethel, that, when eighteen months

had passed, during which time I was incapable of finding you—that I came to you the moment I heard of you. This is my welcome, Ethel—Ethel, darling, whom I have mourned day and night, who had vanished completely, whom I saw yesterday standing at the altar? Who, think you, has most cause for reproach?" His eyes were very melancholy, and his manner well-suited to add truth to his specious assertions, but Ethel's whole demeanor was untouched by either manner or words. Her slight figure was drawn to its full height, and she stood regarding him with eyes of flashing contempt.

"Tell me why I should not reproach you—if you can! Do you suppose, for a moment, I believe a word you say? Do you not know that some fine, subtle intuition made me positively sure of your pretended death, your deliberate plans to rid yourself of me—why, or for what, I do not know, or want to know. Frank, do not think to impose upon me; do not add insult to injury by daring to call me your wife."

She was radiant in her whole-souled scorn; her splendid brown eyes were flaming with a light that seemed to pierce him to the very heart; and he compressed his lips tightly as he looked at her, in all the fresh, glowing, chastened beauty he had forever put from his reach.

Yet—why forever? and with a deep inward curse against Ida and Leslie Verne, he swore she should still be his.

"It is terrible to be so distrusted by you, Ethel. Have you forgotten all our glorious past—our happy, blissful life in the dear little home I gave you? Have you forgotten how you loved me, with all the fire of your nature? I never can forget."

His love was blazing higher every second, fanned to fiercer heat by the apparent hopelessness of its success.

Her voice was thrillingly low and intensely bitter when she answered:

"I have not forgotten—nor how you left me in utter friendliness, to wrestle alone with my sorrow, to face the world and gain my living single-handed. I did it though."

"Poor little Ethel! you did grieve then, for me? There, bury the past—and let us begin again, my wife. Make a better man of me, and let me be your shield from the world. I have wealth now, Ethel, and there can be no desire of your heart or eyes that shall be ungratified."

He held out his arms, entreatingly.

"Keep your distance! You know as well as I, that I never will be more to you again than I am this minute. Spare yourself the shame of a refusal, if you have a spark of manhood left."

"How can I help it—when I love you so?" Her lips curled.

"The word is disgusting from you—I will not hear it."

His eyes flashed hotly at that.

"You shall hear it. You are my wife, and I will claim you if I have to walk over Verne's dead—"

He stopped suddenly, biting his lips in rage at his blundering stupidity, in allowing Ethel to know he was cognizant of the actual fact of her marriage. His idea was to make her announce it herself, and his allusion to it before had been for that purpose.

Ethel's face paled with a sudden pain at her heart.

"Don't take the name of the truest, noblest man God ever gave to woman to love, on your false lips. I love him, Frank Havelstock, with a far nobler love than I ever gave you. I have learned I only gave you, in all innocent ignorance, the wild admiration your handsome face elicited. I love him with the strength of an affection purged of its dross, and chastened by suffering. After all, Frank, you unwittingly worked me great good."

As she spoke, looking at him, she shrank from the flashing wickedness of temper in his bold, black eyes.

"Your love for 'him' shall avail you nothing, unless it be a good thing to love one man and be the wife of another! You have committed a State's Prison offense. Ethel, do you know it? What do you think your haughty, high-headed lover, who thinks he is your husband, would say, if he knew that he had married another man's wife? that she was this minute talking to him?"

A pitiful anguish crept into the girl's eyes—a haunting, soul-sick distress.

"It will kill him—when he learns I am not his wife. Remember, Frank Havelstock, I know I am not his wife, and that the crime I committed was done in ignorance. I shall expiate it by a life of suffering such as you never will know."

"Do I not? do I not suffer every hour, every minute? am I not suffering now when I hear you freely admit you are my wife, and yet, refuse to take me for your husband?"

"You cannot comprehend it," she said, quietly. "Only those who are truly mated can know. I am your lawful wife, Frank, but only in name. He whom I love, and shall love so long as I live, is nothing to me henceforth."

Her voice was husky with emotion, and her pale face, with its starry eyes, did not, by its sad wistfulness, check the hot reply that came to Havelstock's lips.

"I doubt that statement, Ethel. If the man you love is anything to you, why are you not with him? Has he discovered so soon your predilection for me, and deserted you from the altar?"

A tempest of almost ungovernable fury flashed to Ethel's eyes. Her figure swayed in the violent anger his words caused. She commanded his silence by a gesture so full of imperious authority that he paused involuntarily.

"Silence! how dare you hint such a suggestion to me—to me! Leave this room at once!" She pointed to the door with her hand trembling with anger.

Her figure, face, attitude was eloquent with intensest scorn, loathing, contempt, and Havelstock realized, for the first time, that his cause was hopeless as despair itself. He felt, with a pang of mingled rage and regret, that his influence over her was forever destroyed—and then he felt a devilish desire to humble her. He laughed aloud as he thought it.

"You are queen of high tragedy—what a treat the boards are missing! I wonder what your mother would say if she saw you here—with me!"

"My mother! you know who my mother is!"

He smiled at the eagerness in her voice.

"I will eat at the same table with her to-day. Have you any message for her?"

His mocking eyes cut her to the core. She moaned in positive pain at the tantalizing triumph.

"God forgive you for your cruelty—I fear I never can! Will you go?"

He bowed elaborately.

"At once. Our mutual friend, Vincy, will call soon in his charmingly enacted role of paternal relation. I will see you again, Ethel, and then—"

He opened the door and departed, leaving the unfinished sentence to end in an odd smile, little knowing what really would happen when they met again.

After he had gone, Ethel sat down, trembling in every limb, with excitement as well as the fatigue of long standing.

"He knows my mother, and she is in New York! perhaps not five minutes' walk from here; while I, in the midst of trouble, trials and dangers, can only wait and pray. And God will send deliverance! I will not lose my faith and trust in this dark hour when religion ought to shine more brightly than ever before. I will remember that 'He is a very present help in times of trouble.'"

A quiet, patient resignation gleamed softly in her eyes, and a firm, courageous look dawned newly in her face.

"Providence helps those who help themselves," she thought. "I will at least make the attempt."

She rung the bell, and then waited quietly for the entrance of the colored woman whom she supposed would be in attendance.

She was correct in her supposition, for in several seconds a key turned in the lock, and the woman who had opened the front door for Vincy entered the room.

She was a courteous, affable mulatto, dressed neatly, and possessing an air of intelligence that impressed Ethel favorably as she bowed and asked her pleasure.

"I rung to have the dishes removed," Ethel said, pleasantly, "and if you have time, I would like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"I will see to the fire, and you can tell me what it is while I am busy. I would like to stay as long as you want me, only that Mr. Vincy is very particular and suspicious."

Ethel's heart went up in a swift, agonized prayer before she answered.

"Don't you know what I want? You are a woman—let me get out of this house."

She had arisen, and was standing beside the woman, one dainty white hand laid on the brown arm, her face paling with earnestness, her eyes burning like lamps.

Julie made no reply, but there was an odd expression on her stoical face. Was it stoicism or pity? Ethel could not tell, but the simple hope that it might be pity urged her to make her plea the stronger.

"I have five hundred dollars in my purse—I have a watch and chain worth half as much—here is a pearl ring—will you take them all, and leave me free to walk out of the front door?"

Julie still stood motionless, silent with that curious, impenetrable look on her intelligent face.

Ethel watched her closely; then, hastily unfastened her elegant brooch, and laid it with its heavy chain, and the tiny blue cameo watch on the table. She spread out the roll of bills in her pocket-book before the woman's eyes, expecting to see them shine with cupidity.

"Will you let me go? Your master is still in his room—surely all this will repay you for his displeasure. Think how you would feel if you were in my position—and let me go!"

In the earnestness of her supplication, Ethel fell on her knees beside the colored woman, her wondrously beautiful hair falling about her like a halo, her glorious eyes lit with purity, innocence, intense earnestness.

Julie averted her face.

"Not to me—oh, don't get on your knees to me. I am not a good woman—but I was once, before I came to this wretched city, and by the remembrance of those days I believe you—even if I did not know your story was true. I listened at the door, both times, for I had a presentiment you ought not to be here. Get up, madam, and put back your money in your purse—for you'll need it. Put on your watch and chain and ring—I wouldn't take them."

Her voice grew husky and she pushed them back, almost as if wounded at the suggestion they implied—that she could be bought for money to such a deed of mercy.

"Forgive me if I appealed to your lower nature, but I thought it would recompense you in case Mr. Vincy discharged you—until you found another situation. But you will have pity on me?"

Julie turned her large dark eyes on Ethel's fair sweet face.

"I will let you go out of this house if you will take me with you. May I go with you and be your servant? I'll be faithful and true, and you never shall regret your kindness to me."

Julie was the suppliant now, and tears were in her big sad eyes, while Ethel laughed softly—the first real joy she had felt or manifested since her trouble had come to her.

"Thank God and you, Julie! Indeed you shall go with me, and I will be your friend as long as I live. Let us hurry, I wouldn't meet that man again for worlds."

She put on her sash with eager haste; she crammed her money in her purse with nervous haste, and tied on her veil with eager, trembling hands.

"It will be an hour yet before he is down; but I'll be ready in ten minutes, and we'll go out without any trouble. No one ever goes in the halls but me."

She did not stop to remove the dishes, but went immediately to prepare herself, leaving the key on the inside of the door—a delicacy that touched Ethel's very heart.

She smiled faintly yet with a calm peace on her face—a peace that a good conscience gives; that even billows of trouble cannot quite destroy.

And as she and Julie walked out of the room, five minutes later, and down into the hall, into the street, into life and bustle and security—her heart gave a thrill of almost content.

At the nearest corner she called a passing carriage, and directed the driver to take them to a quiet hotel which she designated.

While they were being driven along, she told Julie, frankly, as much of her plans as she deemed necessary.

"It will be best to remain at the hotel a few days, at any rate, while I make efforts to secure some sort of a position. Five hundred dollars is all I have, and it won't last forever; but I am young and well, and I know I can find something that will enable us to hire a cozy little suite of rooms somewhere, and you shall be housekeeper while I am bread winner. I think we can be very comfortable, Julie."

"I would be content in a cellar with you, Mrs. "

She paused in respectful inquiry. Ethel's lip trembled a second to think she had no name she could both lawfully and willingly use. She knew she was not Mrs. Verne—because Havelstock lived. She would not assume his name, for obvious reasons; and even her old name of Mary! was not hers; and she never once thought of that of Vincy. Yet she decided for the former.

"Call me Mrs. Mary!," she said, softly. "That is my name."

The carriage rolled slowly along, and then drew up before a small, quiet hotel. Julie

alighted, and respectfully waited while the driver sprang down and opened the door.

Ethel handed him his fee, and turned to ascend the steps to the hotel entrance, her veil thrown back, her sweet, sad face exposed to the passers-by.

Just as a clear, girlish voice saluted her. "Why, Miss Mary! is it possible?"

And Ida Wynne—for so Ethel knew her—extended her hand familiarly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Centennial Stories.

THE LAST OF THE SWALLOW.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"THE troops are evacuating the works, and we are at the mercy of the enemy!"

These words dropped from the lips of a pale-faced young naval officer, one day in the fall of 1777. He spoke them to a young girl who stood in a neat and tiny cabin on shipboard.

In an instant her face became as pale as his; but her eyes lit up with a flash of indignation.

"I have just returned from the council of war on board the Doria," the officer continued.

"Well, what is to be done?"

"The vessels of the government that remain below Philadelphia are to be destroyed."

"By their captains?"

"Yes."

"Good! No vessel of mine should ever fall into the hands of Great Britain!" exclaimed the girl.

"The Swallow will, no doubt, share the fate of her companions."

A thoughtful expression came to the sailor's face, and he gave the fair girl a look full of doubt and hesitation.

"The Swallow does not belong to Congress," he said. "She is my boat."

"But the flag of the colonies flies at her peak," quickly exclaimed the girl.

"It is the sign of rebellion against the king. The enemy would not respect it; they would haul the capture of the Swallow with joy, and in less than a fortnight thereafter she would be manned by British seamen, and sent to prey on colonial commerce."

The young man's head had fallen on his breast, and his companion was regarding him with a look of mingled pity and love.

A painful silence followed her last words. It was broken by the opening of the cabin-door, and the first mate of the Swallow looked into the apartment.

"The council wish to be informed of your decision," the mate said, addressing the youthful captain.

"The messenger now on our deck says that the time has expired."

"So soon?" exclaimed the commander of the Swallow, starting toward the door.

"Tell the messenger that I have not changed my mind. Let him bear my words to the council; they will be understood."

The next moment the mate's head disappeared, and the officer said, firmly, in a low tone:

"I am not to be driven into anything. The Swallow belongs to me!"

Though he did not speak above a whisper, his words reached the ears of the girl, who sprang to his side and touched his arm.

"Charles, what would you do?" she cried.

"Shall the Swallow fall into British hands?"

"If I cannot escape to sea—yes," he answered, almost fiercely.

"Ethel, I tell you again that this vessel belongs to me. My money built it, and my torch shall not envelop it in flames. I have agreed to give her services to the colonies, for I love liberty; but I am not bound, as are the captains of vessels fitted out at the expense of Congress. No, I will not burn the Swallow."

"Escape is not to be thought of. You came here saying that the Americans are evacuating the works, and that we are at the mercy of the enemy. What! let the Swallow fall into British hands, while the captains of the Doria, Wasp, and Bee will destroy their boats like patriots? Charles Dartmouth, I am ashamed of you! Until this moment I have been proud of your patriotism!"

He saw the light that flashed in her eyes, and the crimson flush of shame overspread his face.

"Ethel—"

"Excuses are not wanted," she cried, interrupting. "I do not want to remain another night on board the vessel whose captain lacks bravery and self-sacrifice. I know that your money built the Swallow. Men are sacrificing their lives on the altar of liberty; but you clutch a few thousands and tarnish your name. You cannot escape to sea—that is certain. The galleys, by hugging the Jersey shore, may escape above the city; but the Swallow is not a galley. Leave me, Charles Dartmouth. Go on deck and hear your men curse the American who is afraid to burn his vessel!"

She pointed a quivering finger toward the door.

He looked at her a moment as if doubting her seriousness; then, with an incoherent exclamation, darted from the cabin.

The situation of the Swallow was critical in the extreme, that of her companions none less so. The British held Philadelphia, and, after strenuous efforts, had compelled the evacuation of the American works below the city. This success endangered the shipping there; indeed, it placed it at the mercy of the enemy.

Charles Dartmouth's boat, the Swallow, carrying fourteen guns, was a fast sailer, and one of the most serviceable crafts in the service of the colonies. She was built in the Penobscot, at the expense of her young commander, who was a person of much wealth and a thorough seaman. He offered the service of his ship to Congress on terms which were accepted, and for two years had assisted in the war against Great Britain.

Ethel Lynn was the child of a wreck, whose father perished with his vessel. She had been on board the Swallow for several months prior to the capture of Philadelphia, and the young captain, from her rescuer, had grown to be her lover.

Thus affairs stood on the eventful day when the enemy drove the Americans from their works, and secured control of the Delaware from the capes to the city. The day approached its end before Charles Dartmouth ventured to reappear in the presence of Ethel Lynn.

He found her in the cabin.

"When do we go to sea?" she asked, in a tone of sarcastic triumph, as the light of the cabin-lamp fell on his face.

He did not speak, and she saw at once that he knew that the Swallow could not run the galleys of British vessels and anchor safely in mid-ocean.

"I—I fear we cannot get to sea to-night," he said, at length.

"We will never get there! Against daylight the Swallow, if not destroyed, will be a British flag-ship, and the ensign of St. George will float at her peak."

"Ethel, think how I love this beautiful ves-

sel. What care I have taken of her! She has been our home for months; on her decks we have looked into each other's heart, and your songs have floated far above the pinnacle of her main-mast."

"And here you have forfeited the love you have confessed!" she cried. "You have permitted an adoration of a lifeless object to come between you and duty to your country! Why should I love you? why should I not go on deck and denounce you to the sailors—men who would apply the torch at my command. No, Charles Dartmouth, do not approach me. Grant me permission to leave the Swallow before it falls into British hands, and, when I have departed, send your sword

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Sunshine Papers.

Lovers.

If one uses that word to designate, entirely, the beings of the male sex who are inspired by the tender passion, it is quite safe to assert that they are an altogether awful set!

Oh, do not be so shocked, my dear young men, nor betray such evident signs of intense disapprobation. Really, you will quite wish me beneath your severe regard and rebuking displeasure. And, if you do that, you have no idea what an opportunity you will have lost of beholding the best photograph of yourself you ever had taken. Why, you could bestow it upon your sweetheart and she would recognize it instantly; she would not have to wait to examine the angle at which the hair is parted, the tie of the cravat, the size of the stripes in the pantaloons, the style of the shirt studs, the number of hairs in the mustache, and all those little et ceteras, before exclaiming:

"Oh! dear George, it's you! What a love of a picture! What a charming likeness!" etc., etc.

No indeed! the "sweet creature" would instantly cry:

"What a horrid old thing must have drawn such a picture. My love, you will find me like that; you know I do not think so, don't you, sweetest?" or, pet, or darling, or supply the name yourself; you know it best. "But just let me have it a little time, George. I'll give it back to-morrow. I want to show it to Jennie."

Of course you cannot refuse the pretty pleadings. * * * A long delicious silence at the door, broken only by sighs and—well, suspicious little coughs after them; and then the "sweet creature" rushes up-stairs to Jennie, who is just getting ready for bed, and says:

"Did you ever see anything so perfect? Is it not the most truthful description in the world? I could not have written George up better, myself, though, of course, I made him believe it was a scandalous lie!" And then the "sweet creature" and Jennie nearly choke with laughter until the tears brim in their bright eyes and it seems as if their pretty little forms would shake themselves, perforce, out of dainty little frills, and raiment, and whalebones, and embroideries, and fixings generally.

And such is the truth. Dreadfully plainly put, I know, but I would save all innocent lovers from deceiving themselves with self-conceit and so growing "puffed up," like the little frog in the story. You know what a shocking fate he brought upon himself. And now that you are, for your own good, kindly and solemnly assured of the way in which the "sweet creature" will vote upon this latest picture of you, take my advice and don't "let your angry passions rise" but just accept the gift for once, of seeing yourself as others see you.

I repeat that lovers of the male gender are an altogether awful set. I would add that they may be added into several distinct classes. For convenience's sake, as well as for a slight suggestiveness about the nomenclature, we will designate the respective members of each class, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Of course the true and accomplished lover has experienced every distinctive phase of the tender passion as peculiar to each of these classes, and is a thorough B. A.—bachelor of arts—until he becomes the lord and master of some dear feminine, when, the chances are, he proves an A. B.—artless Benedict!

Lovers who belong to the Freshman class are awkward, cowardly, and embarrassed, to a pitiful degree. They are distressingly shy about addressing the admired fair one and are so frustrated when they do that they are quite unconscious that she has a name and that their remarks would be graced by an occasional use of it. They are given to runs of blood to the head, downcast eyes, stammering speech, a slight aroma of the nursery in a frequent meek "Yes" or "No, ma'am," awkward pauses, embarrassed silences. They tread on toes and trains, and lift their hats at the wrong time, and grow too nervous for apologies. They get wretched and uncomfortable when other youths approach their immaturity, yet will be, unpro-

testingly, put off with holding her fan or gloves while she chats gayly or dances happily with fortunate mortals less in love. How some such forlorn swains do, occasionally, blunder through an avowal of love to the unhappy mysteries of life only known to the unhappy listener; for that the Freshmen, themselves, should be able to tell, afterward, how it came about, would be quite as impossible as for a latter-day politician to tell how he got suddenly rich.

From Sophomore lovers, angels and ministers of grace defend us! The Freshman awakens pity, and pity is akin to love; but the Sophomore only affords amusement, and even amusement gets horribly wearisome when it is ceaseless; and the elaborate ridiculousness of the Sophomore knows no end. He is an epitome of self-assurance, egotism, sentiment, lordliness, and vain-glory. He is particular as to the cut of his clothes, and the direct central part of his hair, and spends hours in tying his cravats, and no end of time in petting his juvenile mustache, and quotes poetry by the volume, and sings sentimental ditties by the scores. He imagines himself greatly admired, believes himself worthy of religious adoration, is inclined to assert considerable freedom and allow none, and is altogether consequential, condescending and complacent.

The Junior lover is harder to manage; indeed he is troublesome in the extreme. He would fain be with his lady "every day and hour." He knows of no happiness out of her presence and fondly imagines her experience is identical with his own. He is jealous of her female friends and—it is not best for him to know that she has any friends of the opposite sex. He would call upon her seven evenings a week and stay until the "wee sma' hours" each evening, quite oblivious of the fact that her health, and endurance, and good nature are put to a fearful test. His pleasure is in having her all to himself, so he seldom consults hers. If he takes her out, bringing her home he has not the slightest regard for her weariness or her new hat. He ruins the shoulders of her dresses with his head, spots her silk basques with his moist hands, and crushes the puffs and flounces of her skirts sitting close to her. He tortures her lips until they are "chapped," and her hair until it tumbles out of place, and she looks like a regular guy when a second caller is announced. And through all the time that the visitor remains he is sarcastic, frowning and taciturn, until the lady is ashamed and her friend affronted. Afterward he indulges in an eruption of passionate repentance, only to act the same in the next like case.

But the Senior lover is not to be managed at all. He manages. He is an absolute tyrant. He is studiously polite and chivalrous, and observant of every little comfort and pleasure that he can afford his lady-love. He never wears her with his warmth or his protracted stays. He is perfectly self-mastering, and fury and pleading are alike subserved to the attention he chooses to accord them. He is never in the wrong; but is constantly finding opportunity for reproof and, when the penitent is sufficiently humble, for bestowing pardon. He is maddeningly oblivious of all attempts to tease or make jealous, and torturingly superior always. Neither emotional nor cold, his lady-love is his child, his slave, his amusement, an object for his analysis and dissection. Yet these coldly, self-controlled, calm, commanding, analytical B. A.'s of love and by far the most powerful and successful lovers among women.

But from them all—why was that much needed plea omitted from the Litany?—"Good Lord deliver us!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THREE PROVERBS.

"THE dawn of day has gold in its mouth." Those who would succeed must commence early in life to begin to lay the foundation of that fortune we are all so anxious to secure. There will be more ambition, more eagerness and desire to push ahead, because youth is really a spring-time of life and the most proper time to sow the seed that shall ripen in the ground ere we become too old to enjoy the harvest. Besides, if youth makes a mistake and his plans prove disastrous failures, it will not be so hard to commence again as it would for one who has outgrown his ambition. The thrifty farmer well knows the value of the early morning hours, and you do not find him idling his hours in bed when he should be at work, for he is well aware how much elasticity there is in the morning breeze and how the heat is less fierce than later in the day, and that, refreshed as he has been by a good night's rest, he can work with a will and good courage. Certainly it must bring him gold, or its equivalent, this work while he is in the very condition of labor.

Morning hours are not valued enough. The sun finds too many sluggards—too many drowsy too many people who are going to rise in "just a minute," but whose minute expands into an hour and sometimes two or three hours, until the best part of the day is gone and much good that might have been accomplished has been left undone. If you seek for gold, seek it by working for it and seeking it "early in the morning."

"Such as boast much usually fall much." This proverb is proof positive of the reason why there are so many bunglers in every profession, and why their work is so much like botchwork. The mass of humanity puffs itself up with the idea that it can accomplish more, and do it better, than any other individual, or set of individuals under the sun, and is not very reticent about letting other people know the egotistic value it sets upon its own endeavors. So much boasting is sickening, and renders the boaster a pest and a bore to the community, and we feel like whispering in his ear—"on their own merits modest men are dumb"—but a boaster is never dumb; he talks you into a fever, and his egotism is only equalled by his assurance. He is so pleased at hearing himself talk that he fancies every one else must be as pleased to hear him.

Some of these silly individuals boast that they can act better than Edwin Booth and write a better play than Shakespeare's "Hamlet." You may tell them that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," so they resolve to let you see that they can do it. The attempt is made and the result is, just what you expected it would be—a disastrous, dire and lamentable failure. The boasters are not satisfied. Their excuse is that the world is against them, that there is a plot to crush out the genius and talent they profess. It does not cure their braggadocio, as one might think. They often threaten with the words that "they intend to go to some other land where they will be appreciated and where their light will shine far more brilliantly than where they now are," and we earnestly and sincerely wish they would keep their threat and leave.

"Forgiveness brings forgetfulness." There is neither use nor pleasure in holding malice or anger against any one. Withholding our forgiveness makes us no better, and it does make

us less Christianlike toward one another. We have so much to be forgiven ourselves that we ought to be charitable enough to forgive others. One who bears animosity is not a happy personage, for his sour looks are enough to repel any one. He is unhappy himself because he is not willing to overlook many petty trifles which he considers mountains of grievances and offenses; he is not manly enough to meet his supposed enemy, and, with magnanimity, exclaim: "Let us forgive the wrongs of each; let us bury the past in utter and total forgetfulness." We are apt to take offense when none is meant—to believe ourselves to be in the right when we are actually in the wrong—to think ourselves ill used when we are treated better than we deserve to be. We "flare up" too quickly, but we are not inclined to quench the fire of our anger so suddenly. Quarrels could be got over in less time if we were not so stubborn and self-willed, thinking that every one should crave forgiveness of us and we ask pardon of no one. This cherishing and nurturing of ill feelings in the human breast has caused many a heartache, while the policy of forgiving and forgetting might have led to peace and happiness.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Visit to Mount Vernon.

I do not know what came over me. I felt all at once as if I didn't care much for my country. I couldn't muster up spirit enough to sit out on the fence and think of nothing but the glorious land of liberty, and startle the night with an occasional yell for the Fourth of July. I even thought I might soon become so traitorous as to sell my country for a few hundred millions to some British land-buyer and put the money in my pocket. In vain did I put my head with Fourth of July speeches, boiling over with the oil of freedom. In vain did I chew old copies of the Declaration, and also vainly did I strive to read nothing but the *Congressional Globe*. It was all to no purpose. I began to forget that I was a son of my forefathers. The battle of Bunker Hill seemed but a small fisticuff in my mind, and *E Pluribus Unum* but an empty name.

All at once I took a notion to go to Mount Vernon, as one goes to some watering-place, for a relief from a malady. I started on the spur of the moment, and the railroad cars. I had hardly arrived on the grounds and sat down on a stile to rest, until I found a strange feeling creeping over me. I thought it a symptom of returning love for my country, but I discovered it was a flea. Many of our politicians find out it is a flea.

Here, I thought, was the very earth that Washington had trod upon when he was alive. I wanted to take a handful of it. Yes, I went further in my reverence for him than that—I wanted to take the whole farm. I think that the whole farm would have satisfied the passionate demand of my star-spangled feelings. I went in patriotic meditations I ran against a tree with my nose until I shed heroic blood for my country, and on looking up I beheld before me the celebrated cherry tree that George cut down with his little hatchet; it was very large; a man could hide behind it, and unless you happened to look on the side where he was, you could hunt for him all day. Its shadow in the evening was several hundred feet long. When I ate one of the cherries I felt such a freshness of loyalty to my country that I could have read the President's Message without taking three naps, and I found it a good deal harder to tell a lie than ever it was before.

There was the very well where George used to get water to weaken it with. When I took a drink of it I was permeated with an irresistible desire to be a cabinet officer.

I was shown a footprint of G. W.'s near the well in the mud; it was about as large as my idea of greatness had pictured. Heavy rains occasionally wash it away, but they always find it again and put it back after a great deal of labor.

There were the very trees which he used to sleep under when he would go out to work in the garden, and dream of his country, which was his son.

"And this," I said, "is the house where he resided?" Quite a nice looking old house. I could have boarded there myself if I could have got it without paying for it.

G. W. used to go in and out of that very door, I said to my guide.

Certainly he did; how else could he get out? Did you think he left by the windows? returned the guide.

I was too full to reply.

I wondered if he ever passed away a quiet hour in sliding down those banisters, or slipped on the stairs and came bumping down, feet first.

The guide said he hadn't the smallest intuition about him that he ever did.

I told him that I felt that if I lived there one year I should feel in a measure that I was a step-father of my country, without doubt.

I was shown the very mantelpiece where he used to put his heroic feet as ornaments in the good old days of yore. It was too affecting, and I had to rely on my handkerchief to sustain me.

I was shown the very table from which he used to eat and growl at the cook because the biscuit were not loyally done, and firm in principle to the core. I almost wished to eat off that table myself, had there been any diurnal ornaments on it in the shape of victuals. How many cups of coffee did he knock over on that table and then blame his wife for it? But such questions are disloyal.

Then I saw the very bed on which he slept. What nightmares tampered with Freedom over those counterpane! But I draw the curtains. I was shown the sword that he drew in the service of his country and not in a lottery, as is stated. There was his gun that never went off unless it went after an Indian or a red-coat.

It was with the deepest meditation of a true and devoted son of his country, that I halted to look upon one of the greatest mementoes of the lamented Washington, embodied in a boot-jack. Had he ever thrown that at a dog at night? Had his foot ever slipped out, and, taking him on the other leg, reminded him that he was mortal, while he hopped around on the other foot? I sighed at the too-muchiness of these solemn thoughts, and my guide led me away by the coat-tail to show me the arm-chair in which he used to sit. As I sat in it I began to feel as big as G. W. I thought I was G. W. and ordered Cornwalls to surrender on any terms. The guide shook me and said I must not go to sleep *via* that chair. I told him that his was the best route I had ever found.

Then I tried on his old plug hat, white, and really felt prouder than I would had I put on old King George's crown. It was too large for my head by several years, but had I possessed the head that once filled it, I would have given—well I would have given my head in exchange.

I went out and was shown where George made a jump of sixteen feet; you could see where his heels landed and slipped up. In the course of years the distance has shrunk some feet, but the weather has at times been very bad.

I could not see where his name came up from the ground in living cabbages, and really never took much stink in that story. I remember that my father took me out into the garden one day and said that my name had sprouted up from the ground, and as I looked I read "a bad boy," but didn't recognize the autograph.

I lingered around the historical place until the sun, that president of day, abdicated his throne and retired behind the curtains of the west, and a little nigger began to call the cows, when I left with my enthusiasm of my native land—of which I didn't own a foot—so full in my bosom that I had to open my vest; and ever since that time I have been perfectly resigned to come out as a candidate for president in '76. All votes counted twice.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Meesmerists and spirit "meesjums" may now hide their diminished heads, for there are, 'way off in heathen Japan, two old women who have the reputation of doing far more than any electrobiologist has attempted. Near the temple Eikon, called the demon Baba, dwells an old lady who casts out evil spirits from suffering people, and cures them of all their complaints. When fever is endemic, she is an important personage, and has more work than she can accomplish imposed upon her. Another old woman, rejoicing in the name of Oshakakababa, is a centenarian and very wrinkled. This lady, when she condescends to give her aid, swells out to an enormous size. She says Shaka has entered her stomach, and is making use of her mouth. Shaka, a variable medium, answers all manner of questions, tells the origin and cure of sickness, and relates the doings of the present and the dead. It is said that she is visited by all ranks of people of both sexes and ages. When we want to "commune with ghosts of departed worth" we'll go to Japan.

—The late lamented Horace Greeley wasn't the only alarmist who tried to keep the boys from coming to the city. The religious journals keep up the alarm and persistently discourage young men in the country from leaving their farms, homes and coming to cities to seek their fortunes. Evidently these religious editors forget that they were once young men, devising all sorts of plans by which to evade work. There is no chance for young men in the country to get before the public. They are kept down by disagreeable duties. Let them come into the city and see life. Let them stand on the curbstone at the corners all Summer till they grow corns on the soles of their feet. After the young men get tired of standing on his corns, and gets sent out of the free lunch establishment a few times on his ear, he can steal an overcoat. There is always a chance for a young man to steal an overcoat in the city. Overcoats are among the wisest provisions for young men who stand around all Summer. They must have been originally designed for them, and it is certain that they get their share of them. Let the young men in the country come into the city and see life.

—Experienced gamblers can stock a pack of cards for almost all games, which makes it very hazardous for novices, whose money is at stake, to play with them. A noted professional gambler having made a large fortune at the game of *vingt-et-un* (twenty-one), was finally detected in his mode of stocking a pack and robbing his victims, which was done in the following manner: There being fifty-two cards in a full deck, consequently there are thirteen of each suit, which, when arranged by certain word, forms a stock that cannot be disturbed by cutting the cards a hundred times. It is done by the following key: Eight kings, three tens, to save nine fair ladies for one sick knave. After the cards have been cut (not shuffled) as many times as is desirable, see the bottom card and take that for the starting point, then the whole pack can be called off from the top without making a single mistake. The trick above exposed is beyond ordinary comprehension and well calculated to lure young men to certain ruin.

—The *Easton Star* has the following about two diminutive young ladies from the lower part of Delaware, who are attracting attention just now: The two dwarfs—the Misses Mariner—exhibited at the Paragon House last week, by Mrs. Linder, from Greensborough, are truly extraordinary natural curiosities. These young ladies were born and raised in Sussex county, Delaware. Miss Lizzie, twenty-eight years old, is thirty-three inches tall, and weighs fifty-five pounds. Miss Amanda, eighteen years old, is thirty-seven inches tall, and weighs but fifty pounds. They have good heads, of the natural size, are intelligent, and converse fluently. They have no bones in their bodies, only a sort of muscle or cartilage, and can bend their hands and fingers in any direction. They do beautiful needle-work, such as embroidery, etc. There is nothing at all unpleasant in their appearance, except that they are small and look odd. They have not traveled heretofore, but intend next summer to visit the Centennial and exhibit themselves to an astonished world. They are only traveling now because they are too poor to support themselves otherwise.

—Mr. Burroughs, of South Africa, having no dog to love, bought an ostrich, and now he advertises as follows: Ten pounds reward—Lost, a tame ostrich. Said ostrich was missing yesterday, directly after having devoured certain pieces of machinery which one of the ladies of the advertiser's household had apart and was cleaning on the front veranda at the time. He is supposed to have wandered off in a fit of melancholy directly after committing the deed. The above reward will be paid for the return of the pieces, as they are invaluable on account of the long time required to replace them from the manufactory in the United States. The parties wanting are a face plate, needle bar, and shuttle of a sewing machine. I am not particular about the ostrich.

—If some of us didn't take real pleasure in having a great scallawag suffer it would make us shudder to know that Louis XIII. of France was bled, in his life-time, forty-seven times, and died, or purged two hundred and fifteen times in a single year. Unnecessary bleeding had something to do with Raphael's early death. Although, during the last thirty or forty years, the practice of bleeding has been reduced in France to narrow limits, its abuse still persists in the Spanish and Italian peninsulas, and strangers ought to be warned of it. The Italian doctors outdo the Sangrados of every other country in the world in employing vene-section for almost every complaint. You may meet with Italians who have been bled one hundred and fifty times in the course of their lives. The doctors' justification is, that the exceptional climate of Turin renders this remedial measure indispensable! One of their most notable victims must be fresh in every one's memory. On the 19th of May, 1861, after a stormy debate in Parliament, Count Cavour went home depressed and anxious. In the night he was awoke by vomiting and intestinal pains, the consequence of indigestion, which frequently occurs under similar circumstances. He was bled immediately; again at eight in the morning; again at five in the afternoon. The Paris medical journals did not conceal their conviction that under such treatment the illustrious statesman's case was hopeless. On the 1st and 2d of June he was bled again; again on the 4th. On the morning of the 7th he died. In the November following one of his doctors fell a martyr to the same absurd system, having undergone, in the illness which carried him off, seven bleedings, besides numerous leechings.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS ARE ATTENDED.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon neatness of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their efforts early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper three weeks after receipt of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

Accepted: "My Idol," "The Sea," "The Poet's Hession," "When Myra Died," "Hattie Holland's Happy Escape," "Oleod Dervington's Sign," "If You Dare," "The Voice in the Night," "How England Lost," "Lot Merrill's Exploit," "The Silver Bullet," "The Hidden Continental." Declined: "Allice," "Two Sultans," "In Deadly Peril," "Lines to Col. Butler," "Andrea Funstoffs," "A New Face," "An Odd Caprice," "Rent on Ruling," "The Elongation," "A Case of Heart Disease," "Houghton's Tumult," "The Texan's Revenge," "A Lariat for a Friend," "The Arapaho Captive."

EUGENE BELLAR. Buffalo Bill does not travel with an "opera troupe," but with a dramatic company of his own.

GEORGE N. Happy to hear from you. Will answer next week. But, pray remember that "brevity is the soul of wit."

ELIA M. Have answered as requested by mail. Follow the hints given in the preceding column.

ALBERTO. "Happy Harry" is not in book form. Don't know where you can obtain the book named. Geo. F. O. "Injun Dick" is now to be had in book form. Sent on receipt of twenty cents.

E. D. Rubbers can only be mended by the use of rubber gum melted and applied hot.

CASUS G. If the gentleman's approaches really are offensive to young ladies, let him house; he will think the more of you for your decision of character.

HENRY M. Rejoice in your sister's preference for your company. If older than you it will do you both much good to associate so familiarly.

FRANCIS THE YOUNGEST. Drawing-books come in series. If you have a taste for the beautiful art, have a set of books and you can improve rapidly by their use.

GEORGE. Invisible or sympathetic inks are solutions of cobalt, or of very delicate sulphuric acid. Lemon juice is sometimes used. In all cases the writing needs to be heated to bring out the color.

K. A FRIEND. If K. was too indisposed to travel of course it was very proper for her to decline to obtain rooms for her and see to her. That is a part of their business—to be attentive to those who travel under their charge. He is perfectly right in thanking him by note for his polite offer.

WILLIE CASE. Learn your trade well, then aim to obtain an interest in some good office. Don't think of marriage until you are well settled. A good mechanic's position is year to year more desirable. Young men can be just as "respectable" at the case, or work-bench, or lathe, or forge, as behind the counter, and girls who don't think so are just the ones to shake off.

A. G. B. "Pass the molasses" is proper. "Pass those molasses" is not improper, but a very unusual mode of expression. The word molasses is both singular and plural, as suno, being a "noun of multitude." You cannot say "these molasses," for that is the objective form in the nominative case.

A. F. T. The receipts of the New York post-office some weeks exceed the highest figure yet known.—As to you and your sister housekeeping it is a good idea. On your salary, with what she can add to it, you two can live as comfortably as a family of four. A very good set of cottage furniture can be had for \$50.—We have other stories by the authors mentioned.—One by Oil Coomes is now on the schedule for early use. He is the character of Idaho Tom and Dakota Dan.

GASSEY HYDE. 1st. We infer that the lady does not want to marry you. All you can do is to be polite, but don't press your suit on her. The way to win affections is not to seem to desire them. 2d. Ask any railway ticket agent. 3d. A dispatch to California beats the earth's revolution on its axis by a dash. Where it is now in New York it is only 8:46:19 in San Francisco. Hence a dispatch started from New York at noon gets to the receiver in California over three hours before its apparent time of starting. 4th. "Lionel Lincoln" is published in our Twenty-Cent Novel Series. 5th. The Black Hills are between 103 and 106 degrees west longitude, or say twenty-five degrees west of Pittsburgh.

NEWBERRY BOY. The horse Hambletonian which recently died at Chester, New York, was the original or father of all the Hambletonian stock in the world. He had no pedigree, as such, being sold simply a "chance horse," and was purchased in Orange county, N. Y., when he was three years old, for one hundred and fifty dollars, by Mrs. Linder, from Greensborough, are truly extraordinary natural curiosities. These young ladies were born and raised in Sussex county, Delaware. Miss Lizzie, twenty-eight years old, is thirty-three inches tall, and weighs fifty-five pounds. Miss Amanda, eighteen years old, is thirty-seven inches tall, and weighs but fifty pounds. They have good heads, of the natural size, are intelligent, and converse fluently. They have no bones in their bodies, only a sort of muscle or cartilage, and can bend their hands and fingers in any direction. They do beautiful needle-work, such as embroidery, etc. There is nothing at all unpleasant in their appearance, except that they are small and look odd. They have not traveled heretofore, but intend next summer to visit the Centennial and exhibit themselves to an astonished world. They are only traveling now because they are too poor to support themselves otherwise.

"FANNY." You can readily raise some blooms by the time you wish. Fill some wide-mouthed glass bottles or jars with charcoal, pounded fine. Then fill with water, and lay the slips of plants in the flowers that you desire. Set the glass in a dark room for three days, and then treat as ordinary house-plants, renewing the water as it evaporates. You will have your blooms, roses, geraniums, heliotropes, carnations, in a month.

INQUIRER. When you pass your plate, at the table, whether by a servant or friend, take off the knife and fork, and lay them down on the cloth, supporting the ends on your breast, or, at least, on your hand in a horizontal position. When they parallel upon your plate, with the points of the fork downward. Never out your breast nor bite it at the dinner-table, but always break it.

ALFRED. Dayton, writes: "Is there any impropriety in my asking a young lady to whom I am engaged to visit my sister, with whom I am living?" None whatever, if your sister is perfectly acquainted with her invitation to you.

D. B. H. In all cases the gentleman is invariably presented to the lady, and never the lady to the gentleman. Therefore, in both of your suppositions the introduction should be something like this: "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Jones." Or, "Miss Smith, have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Brown."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—The past twelve months have been especially severe on most of the popular weeklies—many having fallen off in circulation over one-third, and yet are on the "down grade."

We have the gratification of stating that the SATURDAY JOURNAL not only has not felt this depression, but has, on the contrary, during the time named, steadily increased both in its permanent circulation and transient sales, as newsdealers will testify.

Such a fact is indeed significant; it sustains our oft-repeated assertion that excellence and not meretricious merit is sure to tell in the long run. Sensation and high-strung, perhaps questionable invention may, for the moment, attract attention, but sensible people soon tire of this, and then fall upon what they know is good and satisfying.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL not only has the Best of the Best, but it pursues the policy of leading authors up to the known wants and expectations of its audience, by which means each and every issue is not merely of sustained excellence but so directed to individual tastes and literary wants as to make it an essential to those who once enter its lists.

Admitted to be—as the SATURDAY JOURNAL is—the truest "Home and Fireside Weekly" now published—the paper that most truly represents the quick intelligence of the times—it will continue to cater to that intelligence in a manner to command its attention and to steadily and rapidly increase its now widespread influence and enviable prosperity.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

A VISION.

Suggested by the study of Rembrandt's painting.

BY RUSTICUS.

"Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Laved by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenced
By shivering rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade; from all obscuration
Of busy nontide beam, the monarch stirs
In unsubstantial majesty."—BURNED PORTENTS.

As drowsy Morpheus wrapped my sense in sleep,
And captive led it with a magic wand,
Methought I wandered in a cavern deep
And full of horrors. Wandered on the strand
Of a dark, rolling, sluggish, listless stream,
Unlighted by a single nontide beam.
Abstracted, on the awful scene I gazed,
With wonder, fear and interest amazed.

And then a soft, pale radiance 'round me shone;
A form celestial stood close by my side—
Said, "Mortal, follow me," in silvery tone:
I eager followed my immortal guide,
Deep in the inner courts my steps he led,
And, seating me, "Look long and well," he said,
"And mark the scenes you misty veil unfolds,
For the grim monarch, Death, his court here holds."

The mystic veil now slowly, softly rose,
And I beheld the monarch, stern and grim;
A look inflexible his features froze,
The pale and shadowy light 'e'en could not dim.
His foot rests upon a youthful corpse;
The which, to show the mystery of the source
And end of life, his head and feet, now lavas
Oblivion's stream, with dark and murky waves;
And, close attendants on his either hand,
His active, tireless agents, waiting, stand.

First War, in full-clad mail with reeking sword,
His victim gasping in the throes of death;
The Widow and the Orphan on the sward,
Trampled by his feet, and, scorched by fiery breath.

Of Conflagration, following close with blazing brand,
Lighting with flames the subjugated land.
Upon her footstep follow close and fast,
Two weird and ghastly figures flitting past.

The first with lurid eyes, and nose compressed
Between his fingers, to protect his senses;
From seasons snells that ever round him rest,
Strode War's attendant—deadly Pestilence.
And ever by his side, with pinched face,
And sunken eyes, came Famine on apace—
A ghastly pair, whose horrors aggravate
The countries fair by War left desolate.

At Death's right hand a youthful form I saw,
With features flushed; intoxication's fire;
Intemperance—transgressing nature's law,
And yielding to his brutish, fierce desire;
And at his feet a graceful figure knelt
With glowing eye. His hands were on a maid;
He grasps the cup, perfumed with Pleasure's
breath:

Her "wandering presence hides the face of Death,
And in the distance other forms now pass;
Remorse, his nervous hands tearing his hair;
Delirium tall, and Suicide—aghost—
I saw the blood run o'er his bosom bare,
Whence he had drawn the dagger from his heart!
Now crumpled Gond appears, with groans and snarl,
Hobbling toward his monarch's awful throne,
And next Despair, with hollow sob and groan.

With hectic flush Consumption drags along—
And Fever, burning hot with staring eyes;
And Apoplexy, stricken midst the throng,
With purple visage on the ground he lies.
And Hypochondria, her woe-filled face,
New horrors add unto this awful scene—
So full of sights and sounds of fearful woe,
My shuddering blood congeals its wonted flow.

Turning unto my bright celestial guide,
I said, "Well-named the 'King of Terrors,'
Death:
None from his awful agents e'er can hide;
He withers all mankind with baleful breath."
"Hold!" he replied, "nor judge before you go;
Another scene now pleasing I will show,
I've shown the monarch's terrors to your view;
I'll show you Death, the benefactor, too."

I looked, and saw a Christian sage appear;
Fair heavenly Faith supporting with her arms—
Bent with the weight of many a weary year,
Secure in Christian strength from all alarms,
With arms outstretched, he welcomes the grim
king.

Who from his ill's deliverance will bring.
"Oh, Death, where is thy sting!" triumphantly
cries he. "Oh, grave, where is thy victory!"
I started up to speak, when lo! my eyes,
First bound by sleep, with wakefulness now
gleam.

And scarce believing as I half-arise,
That what I saw had been a passing dream.
And yet, not all a dream, for waking thought
Now conveys the lesson that the dream had taught:
So live, when Death's dread summons comes, that
he
Shall not the conqueror, but the conquered be!

The Men of '76.

GATES.

The Conqueror of Burgoyne.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HORATIO GATES, like Charles Lee, was an Englishman, and bred to arms in the British service. Born in 1728, he entered the army at an early age and, served with credit. When the "Old French War" broke out (certainly not the "Old French War" to Great Britain, for it was but a renewal of hostilities temporarily healed between Britain and France by the poor peace of Aix-la-Chapelle) Gates' regiment was quartered in Halifax. It came down to Virginia to form part of Braddock's army and was present at the bloody defeat (July 9th, 1755), when Braddock was slain and Washington's skill, woodcraft, knowledge and cool bravery saved the remnant of the army from slaughter and the scalping knife. Gates was then severely wounded but was fortunate enough not to have been left—as was many of his comrades—on the crimson field, to be scalped and tomahawked. That would keep him from service until the descent of the British army on the French island of Martinique (January, 1758). In this enterprise as major and aid to General Monckton, he served with gallantry. Peace between the two great nations came in 1763, when many English officers settled in America.

Among these was Gates, who, taking up a body of land in Berkeley county, Virginia, became a successful planter. Of fine appearance, pleasing manners and accomplished mind, he soon was very popular, and, as the "difference" with Great Britain increased he pronounced in his sympathy for the colonies. When war was inevitable he tendered his services and was with Washington, at Cambridge, (1775), as his adjutant.

Gates, early in the war, betrayed the ambition to lead and not be led, which, by antagonizing himself with Washington, tarnished his otherwise honorable record. He had made strong friends in Congress, and, by his evident military skill and attested experience, as well as by his courtly address, had made friends in the army, so that a "Gates faction" was, as early as 1776, pretty well defined. Washington's refusal to concede him a general's command gave rise to a Congressional interference, which assigned Gates to the army of the North (June, 1778), where General Sullivan was striving to reorganize after the disasters of the campaign against Canada. He repaired to headquarters at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, but soon abandoned the post, leaving the English masters on the lake, much to Washington's displeasure. The English swept the lake, of course, and threatened the invasion which soon followed.

Falling to regain the lost supremacy, by

Arnold's brilliant exploits on the water, he relinquished the command to Schuyler, only to return to it when Burgoyne's descent from the North menaced, with disaster, the patriot cause. That he was again assigned the army of the North was due to that influence in Congress which, because of Gates' thorough military education, regarded him as the only man qualified to confront British veterans, with the finest train of artillery yet seen in America, which Burgoyne led. Philip Schuyler—brave, wise, and vigilant—had got together, after immense labor and sacrifice, the elements of defense necessary to confront the invader when relieved of the command, and Gates took his position to find the means nearly prepared for the work to be done.

Burgoyne met with no check until his detachment at Bennington was defeated by the grand old John Stark. That defeat and loss of necessary supplies was but a loud warning for him to beware of the lion he had aroused. The country was all in arms. Old Stark with his "Green Mountain Boys" proved to the militia that veterans and artillery could be beaten by pluck and vigilance, and Burgoyne, little by little, as he advanced south, became conscious of the tremendous mistake he had made in allowing himself to be isolated in the enemy's country. All he could do was to get into good position and beat the Americans in a pitched battle and then retire as he had come—for to make his way to New York city, or to effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton, coming up from below by land or water, soon grew to be hopeless, considering Washington's strength on the line of the Hudson.

August 21st, 1777, Gates reached the American camp and headquarters at Stillwater, N. Y., where, ere long, ten thousand fighting men were in readiness for the trial of strength. Dan Morgan was there, with his "invincibles." Arnold was there; Lincoln with 2,000 New England men was daily expected, and the noble Polish exile, Kosciuszko, was the field engineer in charge.

Burgoyne, crossing the Hudson, September 14th, encamped near Saratoga, only three miles from the American army. On the 19th the first trial took place by a brilliant, steady, well-planned attack by Burgoyne, brought on by the conflict of advanced guards—reinforcements going forward from either army until all were engaged. It was a battle of successes and reverses for both parties. The British were broken in disorder and retired only to beat back their pursuers, and when night came nothing definite was decided. The Americans had learned one thing, however—that they were equal, man for man, to their enemy.

Skinny, sharp and bloody, filled up the interval until October 7th, when Burgoyne had to fight and decide the day, or capitulate to hunger.

The Americans, under General Poor, struck the enemy on the front and left, Dan Morgan on the right, when the action became general, and in fifty-two minutes from the first shot the enemy was driven from his entire line. The British fought with splendid intrepidity; their officers and generals were in the points of peril; but nothing could withstand those terrible American rifles, and the astounding audacity of Morgan's and Stark's men. Arnold, having no command, rode like a mad spirit between the two armies and as by a miracle escaped death. When the British broke he headed a storm party and pursued the enemy into their very camp. His horse was killed under him and he borne off, badly wounded.

Gates, wary and sagacious, resolved to hazard nothing by attacking the enemy in strong position, but to inclose his antagonist and make him fight his way out. This compelled Burgoyne to abandon his strong location, which he did that night, removing to Saratoga, six miles up the river, and abandoning his hospitals with all the sick and wounded. His enemy was alert, and anticipating an attempt to retreat to Fort Edward, or Lake George, Gates had so well guarded every avenue that the British generals had to succumb, or starve. Burgoyne tried negotiations, but Gates was firm for an unconditional capitulation, and on the 17th informed the Briton that he must sign articles of capitulation or fight. The articles were signed and that once proud English army marched out by regiments and laid down its arms. The number surrendered was 5,762 men, which, with their previous losses, made up the number to 9,213, besides 55 brass field guns and all the splendid equipage of a lieutenant-general's army.

Clinton having essayed a movement from below, at the news of this great reverse, returned hastily to New York. All the garrisons on Lakes George and Champlain withdrew and thus left the north once more free from British presence.

Gates was now "the most popular man in America." His fame filled all the land. Congress voted him a sword, and then was given form to the scheme to dispossess Washington and make Horatio Gates Commander-in-Chief. This scheme, known as the "Conway cabal," had a powerful following in Congress, for a while, but when any spoke the intrigues were covered with scorn, and Gates suffered greatly for his evident assent to an attempt to dishonor Washington. The history of that cabal only afforded a striking proof that no greatness is exempt from envy, hatred and malice.

This affair, and Gates' unwillingness to act as second in any movement, kept him from active service until the great disasters in the Carolinas in 1779-80. Then the necessity for heading off Cornwallis in his work of devastation and subjugation, again constrained the War Committee of Congress to invest the conqueror of Burgoyne with the comparatively independent field of the South. Thither he proceeded, reaching the American camp at Deep River, July 25th, 1780, where he found a mixed force of about 3,600, under the good and trusty Baron De Kalb, who was with the little army facing Cornwallis' active and powerful brigade, whose advanced guard, 2,000 strong, under his personal command, was then at Camden, S. C. Hearing of Gates' arrival he resolved to strike him before he could gain new strength.

For this purpose the enterprising general moved out on the night of August 15th, to surprise the Americans, while, by a most singular coincidence, Gates had made the same movement upon his adversary.

At daybreak (August 16th), the forces met. The Americans had the best of the fight until Gates ordered a change of position. Seeing this hazardous movement the English general charged and routed the moving lines, and soon the militia were in disastrous rout; only the brave Continentals under De Kalb stood their ground, to be literally cut to pieces and ridden down by Tarleton's dragoons—the noble De Kalb sinking under eleven wounds.

This defeat dealt the reputation of Gates a sad blow. He retained his command, however, until December, when he was superseded by Washington's most trusted general, Nathaniel Greene. Greene bearing a most generous and sympa-

thetic letter from Washington to Gates, which brought tears to the fallen man's eyes, for it said, that as soon as the court of inquiry, then ordered, should exonerate him, he (Washington) should assign him (Gates) to the command of the right wing of the Continental army.

The court of inquiry finally exonerated him from blame. He had retired to his Berkeley estate to await its decision, but when restored to command in 1783, the war was ended.

In 1790 he removed to New York city, where he passed, in honor and usefulness, the rest of his life. He died April 10th, 1806, being then in his seventy-ninth year.

As the conqueror of Burgoyne he will ever be held in esteem by a not ungenerous people.

A True Knight:
OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WAVES.

AN hour afterward Mademoiselle De Vorse entered the cottage parlor, where Mr. Verne and his daughter were entertaining a visitor, Mr. Wylie. She wore a gray cowl of a dress; her hair was smoothly bandied about her small, trim head; she looked as demure as a little gray mouse, and just as harmless and timid.

"Dear Coila, are you better? I am so glad you are able to come down," said Maiblume, affectionately.

"I am—ah, quite recovered—convalescent," said Coila, with a feeble little chirp, as she languidly approached their guest, who sat staring at her with round, unblinking eyes, his sinewy, brown hands tucked neatly away between his knees, and his conversation suspended.

The wind was tearing round the house and the rain was beating against the windows; one had to speak pretty loud, or to advance pretty close to be heard in the din.

"You look well enough," said Mr. Wylie, in her ear, as she sunk into a chair beside him; "your cheeks are like fire."

"I have a headache, the wind is so high," said Coila.

"You were out in it, then, Miss Coila, were you?"
"Out! Oh, *Mon Dieu*, no! I have been lying in a darkened room all the afternoon. Whenever a storm is brewing I have this malady of the head. The state of the atmosphere, Monsieur Wylie, nothing else."

"How bright your eyes are, Miss Coila!—looks as if you had been up to some devilment, eh?"

"Monsieur Wylie laughs at me! Are they bright? They were dull enough when I looked at them a minute since. It must be that the pleasure of seeing you has kindled their brightness."

"Oh, come, now! Don't be sarcastic, you know! Compliments ain't in my line; I never get 'em except when I'm to be hoodwinked. Glory! your hair's dripping wet!"

"Well! Yes, monsieur, is right. His eyes are as keen as a detective's. I've been bathing my poor head with cold water. But, adieu; this wind makes me nervous and I must return to my room."

"Stop a minute, Miss Coila; how about the Laurie business? Found out his secret yet?"
"Not yet, monsieur; I go to-morrow, should the storm blow over." And with murmured apologies mademoiselle withdrew, considerably paler than when she had entered.

The wind rose higher and higher; the rain splashed in whole sheets upon the shattered foliage all around; the roar of the trees and the boom of the distant sea swelled the loud tumult hour by hour. It was an awful night.

Mr. Verne would not hear of Mr. Wylie leaving the cottage, and so he stayed all night at the cottage trying vainly, in common with its other inmates, to find repose.

About daylight the rain ceased, the wind dropped dead, and when the sun rose the sky was unclouded.

An hour afterward Coila, slumbering like a child in her virgin nest, was roused by Maiblume standing by her side, partially dressed.

"*Eh bien?* My sister! What is it?" queried she, nestling down on her pillows again.
"Listen!" whispered Maiblume, turning her pale, awed face toward the window, all draped with green leaves, all glistened over with diamond-drops.

The deep mouthed roar of a cannon close at hand wrung a scream of terror from Coila.

"What is it, then, *ma sœur*? Whence comes the cannonade?" cried she, huddling on her clothes in trembling haste.

"A steamer has been wrecked on the bar," answered Maiblume; "she is signaling for help."

At that moment Maiblume's maid entered, terror-stricken.

"Oh, Miss Verne," said she, bursting into tears, "master has gone down to the beach to try and save some of the poor folks off the wreck, and the sea is like a boiling pot. I can see the big waves rolling in from the door!"

"My father!" faltered Maiblume, petrified with horror. "Oh! I must go with him!" And she darted from the room to throw on the remainder of her wardrobe.

Coila sat on the edge of her bed looking at her pretty, rosy feet, as they peeped from under the hem of what she would have termed her *robe de nuit*.

Kate, the maid, waited, naturally expecting that the tender young lady would faint and require her assistance, but Coila shocked her not a little by raising a pair of very hard, bright eyes and demanding in a very hard, unemotional voice:

"Did Monsieur Verne go alone? Was Monsieur Wylie not with him?"

"Oh, yes, he went with him," said the girl, again.

"There is in effect, then, every prospect of his being drowned, also," returned Coila, with the same blood-curdling composure.

"Come, my girl, help me to dress, quick! I must accompany mademoiselle, my sister."

A few minutes after, the two young ladies were running down the rain-drenched lane, all strewn with broken branches, tattered leaves, and shreds of sea-weed, borne by the mighty wind almost up to their very door.

It was a strange sight in that hushed and sunny morning hour, when they came upon the sea running in, billow towering above billow, like foaming coursers bent upon dashing themselves to pieces against the grim and jagged crags, half-way up which they leaped in impatient fury! It was a strange sight to see the village people, part standing with gaze riveted upon the wreck, part running about, sometimes waist deep into the water, wringing their hands and uttering cries of pity

which were almost lost in the thundering roar of the waters! It was a strange sight to look across that seething caldron with its great, green abysses, its toppling, curd white breakers, and its acres of bubbling foam, to the bar, over which the wild sea leaped like a savage beast, blowing his rent sheets of spray, that long, black serpent, almost hidden to-day under its pallid shroud, but still claspings in invisible coil the doomed steamer which was, by this time, almost submerged, so that its cannon was dumb at last, and the crashing of its timbers against the adamant wall was the only signal of distress which now could be heard!

As Maiblume and Coila reached the little grassy plateau overlooking the beach, which was now the field of battle for the advancing and retiring hosts of waves, they saw Mr. Verne and Mr. Wylie surrounded by a group of fishermen up to their waists in water, watching anxiously the return of a boat which was buffeting its way back from the wreck. In this boat cowered half a dozen of poor souls, rescued from their sinking home by the brave men of Stormcliff.

The struggle seemed to be a terrible one, for the little boat was tossed like an eggshell from the apex of the crested billow into the deep, green trough in which it wobbled about, as if the tremendous pull of the waters rendered her unmanageable by either oar or tiller, while the fast-crowding giants behind threatened to overwhelm her every instant.

As, in common with all the rest, the ladies looked on in breathless suspense, some one stepped beside them and stood gazing, not at the scene, but at them.

Coila never turned her head, but Maiblume, looking up, beheld—oh, woeful vision!—the sadly altered face of George Laurie! Disheveled, without hat, his hair clotted upon his brow, haggard and hollow-eyed, he stood before her, holding out his hands.

She uttered a cry to break one's heart, and gave him her hands, forgetting all.

"George," wailed she, clinging to him, "you are very ill! How terrible you look!"

"I am overwhelmed with trouble," said he, his faint voice almost lost in the boisterous noise of the ocean; "I scarcely know how to endure all this misfortune."

Coila, who had been intently watching Mr. Wylie attempting to fasten his sea-glass upon the occupants of the wave-tossed boat, turned to see who spoke, and sprung forward with an eager cry of welcome.

"Oh, Monsieur George! Dear Monsieur George, you have come back to us again! Now Maiblume will weep no more; now Monsieur my papa Verne will be happy!"

"Oh, be quiet!" faltered Maiblume, weeping bitterly, and snatching her hands from George's to wring them. "As long as George persists in lying under the imputations of Mr. Stanley he knows that he must give us up."

"My angel," cried Coila, embracing her fervently, "do you plead with him to tell all; he cannot resist you. Monsieur George, spare her this misery; see, she loves—she dies for you."

"Maiblume," said George, hoarsely, "I have to choose between you and honor: which is it to be?"

She raised her mournful eyes to his; they slowly kindled 'neath her noble thought:

"Choose honor!" said she, "and I will mourn no more. To know that you are worthy a true woman's love is sweetness enough for a true woman's life!"

Coila uttered a savage cry which was broken in the midst, however, by a long brown hand on her arm, and Mr. Wylie's spray-wet face, eager and excited, was looking into hers.

"This is no place for you!" said he, almost roughly; "what are you doing here?"

She gazed with keen alarm at him.

"But, monsieur, why not?" remonstrated she. "Who is ice enough to seclude one's self when lives are in danger?"

"You can do no good here; go home!" said Wylie, with a rough decision, that perfectly astounded her.

She looked round for Maiblume, but she and George were walking rapidly away toward Mr. Verne, and the green plateau was only occupied by herself and the artist.

"What are you going to do? Why may I not stay?" demanded she, with a little backbone of rebellion running through her baby accents.

"You don't want to see a lot of half-drowned people, do you? Jerusalem! It ain't a sight I'd hanker after if I was a lady. Come, be sensible! Run away. I'll describe it all; upon my word I will—first time I see you."

She looked at him strangely; he could have sworn that green sparks flashed from her eyes.

"Monsieur is not reasonable," said she. "Monsieur is insolent!"—the words died upon her lips for a sudden wailing cry went up from the throng around them, and darting an anxious glance seaward, they saw a seething waste where the boat had been, and a few black dots floating about.

A fierce odorous burst from Nowell Wylie, mingling with the girl's scream of dismay.

"Drowned at the very door!" groaned Wylie, and off he darted, and in an instant was fighting his way through the water, in the futile hope of reaching some of the struggling figures.

Barthold Verne and George Laurie were before him, in swimming manfully out against the tide. They had tied ropes round their waists, which men on the beach held, paying them out as they wanted length; they were both powerful swimmers, and, as they struck across the great gray plains and shot like water-birds through the towering ridges, a blow of which would have struck them dead, the villagers cheered and waved their caps as if they were mad, while Maiblume on her knees among the cast-up rubble, watched and prayed, and the women laughed and wept around her.

Coila stood, a tiny speck on the sunny grass, with liquid mountains rolling in and flattening themselves, like fawning spaniels, at her feet; with long black hair about her snowy drop face, and her little hands clasped tightly in a tragic attitude. Such a wild scene sure these pretty eyes had never before beheld; yet a careful observer would actually have said that there was more of vexed reflection in her introverted gaze than of humane interest.

Mr. Verne and George reached the place where the boat had gone down almost simultaneously, and each grasped one of the struggling figures and began to fight his way back again. One or two more were now to be seen clinging to the boat which appeared above the swirling foam, bottom up, and rolling about like an empty cask. Of the rest the wild waves made short work; one by one they went down, beaten senseless by tons of falling water, and were drifted in, some to be brightly mangled by the grinding rocks, some more gently carried to the sand beach and laid within reach of the awe-struck villagers' ready hands.

Coila began to watch, with awakening attention, one of these lifeless forms as the sea

carried it, stride by stride, nearer to the place where she stood apart from all the rest.

Mr. Wylie, too, might be seen frantically making his way toward it, though, being no swimmer, he made no progress, and was constantly being flung back high and dry upon the beach with all the breath knocked out of him.

Side by side the livid waters carried in the inert body, and laid it at last at the feet of Coila De Vorse.

She recoiled with a gasp of horror, then catching a glimpse of the blue, bloodless face through its long black hair, she darted forward, bent over it with a long, fearful gaze, the blood slowly receding from lip and cheek—a mortal terror in her dilated eyes—and broke into a faint, shuddering wail:

"Oh, my heart!" exclaimed the French woman. "It is Emile Armand!"

"Yes!" shouted the hoarse voice of the panting Wylie, at her elbow; "you would stay, you know! And now, how do you like it?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE POET'S NEW LOVE.

HE was wet and dripping as any sea-monster, and he glared at the fair lady with anything but admiration.

She flung up her arms in a paroxysm of despair.

"He knows all—oh, the perfidious!" shuddered she, in her own tongue.

"You bet your head on that!" retorted he, in good round English. "I know that this fellow here is the last man you want to see, though he has put himself to a dashed lot of trouble to come and see you."

"Traitor!" hissed she, out between her teeth, as she turned upon him like a little fury. "You've acted spy, have you! The honorable office! I compliment monsieur upon it and upon his aptitude for it, and for no others!" and she made him a mock courtesy.

"You she-demon!" said he. "Do you actually scorn and flout beside a corpse?"

She looked down at the body with sudden hope, and for a moment or two seemed absorbed in her scrutiny of it.

"Dead!" said she, looking up at Wylie with bright, bold eyes. "Then, monsieur, I have nothing to fear. *Morbleu!* Why do I suffer your insolence for a moment! Begone, spy!"

Mr. Wylie regarded her with a species of fearful admiration. "You are the Old Boy's daughter, sure enough!" said he. "What a head you've got!"

At that moment the body moved, and Coila's triumph faded.

She again became frightfully pale and began to gasp in unutterable consternation. It was now Mr. Wylie's turn.

"You precious conspirator!" said he, "I think your cake's pretty well-nigh dough, by this time. That fellow's good for twenty years yet. Bless you! he was only stunned! Look at the color coming back to his lips—he's going to open his eyes in a minute, and see you!—and then—hey-day!"

She made one spring toward flight, but was caught with great adroitness by her artist friend.

"Don't, now, I beg of you—you'll run yourself all out of breath," said he, gallantly, "and then you won't be able to tell the right of this story to the friends you've been honoring with your company so long."

She struggled and tore like a young cat, but he held her firmly.

"Take care, Miss!" drawled he. "It won't be comfortable for you to make a clean breast of it before all these people—you'd better make terms with me!"

She stopped struggling to get away, and clung to his arm instead.

"Terms?" whispered she; "then you don't want to ruin me?"

"No, I don't; I only want some folks to get their own," said Mr. Wylie, keeping one eye on her and the other on Emile Armand. "I'll do a pretty good thing for you if you'll just answer me straight one little question. I'll keep this here fellow out of the way till you have time to clear, if you'll tell me where you put Mrs. Stanley's will after you stole it out of her desk?"

She recoiled, and would have fallen but for his supporting arm.

"What proofs have monsieur?" asked she, huskily.

"Never you worry about them," said he. "Armand is just about to wake up. Ginger! I wouldn't like to be you!"

"You will let me save myself!" shivered Coila, clinging wildly to him; "you will protect my retreat?"

"All right, only go ahead," quoth her friend.

She put her trembling hand up to her brow, and strove to collect her thoughts. She was successful, and soon looked up, with a lurking *diablerie*, though she spoke with tragic earnestness.

of society. Maiblume's hand rests, as when we first saw her, upon Mr. Stanley's arm, only frigid words pass between the two, and Love stands aloof with folded wings, shivering in the chilly atmosphere.

Yet, thanks be to Heaven for the eternal law of compensation!

Colia, skimming by Mr. Verne's side as when first we saw her, beams warm as Aurora, and the man basks in the glow!

Maiblume, robed in palest rose-velvet, half covered with crepe of the tenderest ash hue, with a simple diamond star on her brow, and another on her motionless breast, looks like the chilly Jungfrau which the last gleams of departing light warm into a pallid and evanescent glow, while the gray mists shroud it, and the evening star shines down upon it, glittering and frosty pure.

Colia, wearing a grand train of pomegranate-colored satin, draped with rich black lace, with little flames twinkling at her ears, strings of sparks round her neck and wrists, a burnished serpent coiled about her waist, and a little blazing parakeet, with jewel eyes and spread wings and tail, oscillating in her hair, reminded one of some enchantress clothed with lurid fire and girt with smoke-wreaths.

And now, why has Colia neglected Mr. Wylie's warning? Why is she here still, among her friends?

Stay, then, we shall explain. Like the storm of that dread morning, the evil shadows seem to have fled, and the scene is changed from gloom to glitter.

Mr. Wylie has been persuaded to grant Mademoiselle De Vouse one week of grace, before he hunts her from her home by certain disclosures which he has proved to her he can make.

Shocked by the frightful sights she witnessed on the beach, this tender birdling of the Verne nest has begged her benefactors to take her back to New York so earnestly, that they have obediently folded their tents and left Stormfield, with only a day's notice to the domestic force at home. That glimpse of George Laurie gallantly breasting the swollen tide for the sake of the perishing strangers, has almost broken the heart of Barthold Verne. Those noble words of George's, and that harrowing sight of his face, has turned poor Maiblume to ice, hopeless yet patient. They are both glad to fly from a spot endeared and embittered by the passionate affection which they have lavished on one whom their hearts still cling to, in spite of all their heads can say.

Colia has faithfully promised Newell Wylie that, at the end of the week dedicated to unspoken adieu to the friends she adores, she will disappear from their lives—never more to be seen or heard of. What does she here, then, in these magnificent robes; the rich bloom on her cheek, the electric fire in her eye, seductive smiles and words upon her blood-red lips?

Follow her closely!
(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

THE SEA.

BY "FELIX" BROWNE.

Best, best, best,
On the great rocks at my feet,
You hungry, eager sea!
I know you are calling, calling,
But I will not come to thee!

Moan, break and dash,
Your waves with thundering crash:
You are safely caged, how'er you rage,
You treacherous, cruel sea!

These stern, gray cliffs, like sentinels,
Keep watch and ward on thee;
Smooth thy troubled bosom,
And sleep, oh, restless sea!

Kansas King:

OR, THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SPECTER OF THE VALLEY.

WHEN Red-Hand set forth upon his trip, alone, he wended his way in the direction of the Ramsey settlement, going toward the point which Pearl had urged him to avoid, on account of the weird stories among the Indians that a spirit haunted the valley.

As he rode along, mounted upon Bad Burke's steed, a really fine animal, the moon arose in brilliant beauty upon the wild scenery, and shed a bright light upon lofty hill, rocky gorge and lovely vale.

The story of the spirit of the valley haunted the Scout's memory with weird and bitter thoughts, for he remembered the grave made in the valley, and the apparition he had seen there after he had consigned the body of Boyd Bernard to its last resting-place.

Often had Red-Hand endeavored to convince himself that the sight was but a phantom of his troubled brain; but no; it came too vividly before him in form, gesture and song, and he felt that if he had not seen a spirit from the shadowy land, he had certainly beheld a woman.

Yet—who could this woman be who had thus been with Boyd Bernard, living alone in the wild Black Hills?

He entered the narrow gorge, the inlet to the accursed valley, and the silvery light of the moon caused every tree and boulder to stand forth in phantom-like shadow, but Red-Hand was not of a superstitious nature. Nervous himself to what was before him, he urged his steed forward at a swifter pace.

Down the valley he rode for half a mile and then the shadowy hill and large tree at its base, both of which were photographed upon his mind, loomed up before him.

Beneath that tree was Boyd Bernard's grave. Nearer and nearer he drew toward the lonely spot, and then, suddenly, his horse snorted wildly, and wheeled as quick as a flash.

Checking the steed the Scout endeavored to urge him forward, but in vain; the animal would not move an inch, but stood trembling like a whipped cur.

Springing to the ground, Red-Hand tied the nose of the animal down to his legs so that he could not get away from him, and then muttering to himself,

"I'll solve this mystery, if I die in the attempt," he turned once more toward the tree.

Then even the brave Scout halted, for, standing at the head of the grave of Boyd Bernard was a slender form clothed in white, one arm stretched forth toward him, as if waving him back, and the masses of hair hanging down the back proved that it was a woman who thus guarded the grave.

The moonlight fell full upon her, and with

a shudder he felt that it was the apparition he had beheld the night of his first coming into the valley, and which had caused him to fly in very fear from the Black Hills, when he had expected to spend a month in exploring that unknown region.

"I must go forward now; yes, I must face yonder specter, be it what it may," and having nerved himself to action Red-Hand walked boldly forward.

Nearer and nearer to the tree he drew, until the glimmer of the dark eyes were almost visible, and then he stopped short, for a strangely sad voice, striving to be firm, cried out:

"Hold! let not the foot of any man desecrate this sacred spot."

"Great God! where have I heard that voice before!"

"No, it is not, it cannot be—for she is dead; yes, dead by her own hand," and the Scout trembled with the emotion that swept over him.

"Lady, I would not desecrate the resting-place of the dead, yet I would know why you so jealously guard the grave of Boyd Bernard!" and the Scout spoke in his deep, distinct tones.

As he commenced speaking a sudden change was visible in the woman; her form bent forward and her ear was turned as if to catch every word, while her right fore-finger was pressed against her lips.

Then, in a voice that was nothing more than a hoarse whisper, she said:

"I guard his grave because I loved him—I did you know Boyd Bernard?"

"Ay, did I, lady! He wrecked my life."

"Your life! Ha, ha, ha! I know you now, Vincent Vernon; I know you now in spite of the years that have swept over your accursed soul," almost shrieked the woman, raising both hands wildly above her head.

"Good God! Grace, has the grave given you up, or are you a phantom from the shadowy land?" cried Red-Hand, starting toward the woman.

"Back! you red-handed murderer! Back! I say back! and do not pollute this sacred spot."

"No, I am not from the grave, and I lied to you when I said I would take my life."

"Ha, ha, ha—no, why do I laugh! It is hollow mockery for me to laugh and—what do you here, thou accursed!"

"But now I know by whose hand poor Boyd fell—away! away! No, no, no, do not go, but stay until I tear from your coward heart."

In wild frenzy the woman rushed toward the Scout, a knife gleaming in her uplifted hand, and her whole bearing that of one gone mad.

Like a statue stood Red-Hand, his hands hanging listlessly by his side, his eyes bent with fixed stare upon the woman, and his whole manner that of a man struck dumb by some startling discovery, some terrible shock that had wholly unnerved him for the slightest motion.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DEATH-SCENE IN THE VALLEY.

ON rushed the mad woman upon the Scout, and still he stood passive, seemingly unconscious of his danger, or unmindful of her presence, for his head was lowered upon his breast and his eyes downcast.

A few rapid bounds, a frenzied laugh, and the mad woman faced the Scout.

The arm was still poised in the air, the gleaming blade threatening instant death, and the glaring eyes, wild with madness; yet the Scout moved not. Then, with a weird cry of revenged joy the knife began to descend, swiftly, pointed at the heart of Red-Hand.

But, ere the keen blade was sheathed in the broad breast of the Scout, there came a bright flash from the dark hillside, a sharp report, and with a wild shriek the woman dropped the knife, her wrist shattered by a bullet!

The shot awoke the Scout from his apathy, and with a cry of alarm he sprang forward, crying "Grace! Grace! you are hurt."

"Back, sir! do not pollute me with your touch. Ha! still I have hope of revenge," cried the woman, and she drew with her left hand from her belt a pistol and quickly fired it in the face of Red-Hand, who staggered back, bewildered by the flash, but uninjured.

Believing that she had slain the man she seemed to hate, the unhappy woman almost shrieked out:

"Now I die content. Boyd, you are avenged, and so is I."

The remainder of the sentence was drowned in the report of her revolver, which she had placed against her heart and fired.

Too late did Red-Hand spring forward to attempt to check her act. He could only catch her falling form in his strong arms and lower her gently to the ground, just as a rapid foot-step was heard, and Tom Sun dashed up with anxious manner, crying:

"Did she wound you, comrade?"

"No, but she has killed herself," sadly said the Scout.

"In God's name, who is she, Red-Hand?"

"One whom I knew long years ago—one whom I never harmed in thought, word, or action, and yet who has turned against me," sadly replied Red-Hand, gazing with bitterness and sorrow down into the pale, worn, yet still beautiful face—a face that possessed an almost weird-like loveliness, and a form of wondrous grace and beauty.

The eyes were large, almond-shaped, and had been full of slumbering fire; the mouth was small, yet stern, mayhap having become so in later years, and the teeth were milky-white, while a wealth of black hair hung down her back and covered her shapely shoulders.

She was dressed in a coarse garment of pure white, and moccasins incased her feet.

A belt of buckskin, bead-worked, encircled her small waist and supported the scabbard and holster of the weapons she had endeavored to use against the Scout.

Breathing heavily, she lay in the Scout's arms, and at his words she unclosed her lustrous eyes and met his gaze.

"Grace, Grace, do you know me, or does the shadow of death lay between you and me?" softly said Red-Hand.

"Yes, Vincent Vernon, I know you, and the shadow of death does rest between us," faintly replied the woman, speaking with evident pain and difficulty, while her left hand was held tight to her side, and through the fingers oozed a crimson tide, hastening her life away.

Resting upon the grass, and staining its green with crimson, was the right hand, the wrist cruelly shattered by the bullet from Tom Sun's rifle, and as he stood there, proud, brave man though he was, his eyes dimmed with tears, as he muttered:

"I could not help it—I could not help it, for it was to save your life I fired, comrade."

"Grace," and Red-Hand's voice was strangely soft and kind.

"Grace, why did you leave me to a life of despair? Why did you wish to take my life?"

"Vincent, yonder is the grave of Boyd

Bernard; answer me—did your hand place him there?"

"It did."

Even Tom Sun started at the reply, and the woman groaned aloud.

"Again, answer me: did you take my father's life?"

"Grace, in God's name! what mean you?"

"Answer me! did my father fall by your hand?"

"Never! as God is my judge."

The eyes of the woman turned full upon the Scout, and she asked earnestly:

"Vincent, would you lie to a dying woman?"

"Not not one unkind word ever passed between your father and me."

"Thank God! Vincent, now I understand all, and—I—believe—you."

"Hold—me—up—thus! yes, the shadow of death has blinded me, and the cold chill of the grave is upon me—but I would ask you to forgive me—me, a guilty thing that has sinned against you."

"Quick! hold down your ear and catch my words, for—the papers—all—in cabin—yonder—quick! forgive me, and—kiss me, Vincent."

The Scout murmured softly:

"Grace, I forgive."

Then his stern lips touched those of the woman just as her eyes closed and Death laid his icy touch upon her pulse and stilled it forevermore.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BURIAL BY MOONLIGHT.

"COME, comrade, old fellow, the night is creeping on, and we must not linger here."

It was Tom Sun who thus addressed Red-Hand, the Scout, still bending over the frail form of the woman he had called Grace.

Two hours had passed since her spirit had winged its flight away, and yet Red-Hand had not let go the small hand, or ceased to gaze down upon the marble-like, upturned face.

"Arouse yourself, comrade. Come, I have dug a grave yonder under the hillside, just on the mossy bank of the rivulet; you can see it from here; and we must lay the poor girl away."

Still Red-Hand returned no answer, and again Tom Sun's kindly tones addressed him:

"Have you forgotten, old comrade, that many lives are dependent upon you, and that there is danger on the wind?"

"No, Tom, dear old fellow, I remember now. Let us first bury poor Grace—yes, bury her forever from sight; but I forgive her ere she died, and she believed me when I said my hand was not stained with her father's blood."

"There is a stain upon it, Tom, but not of his life. Come, let us dig a grave," and Red-Hand arose to his feet.

"The grave is dug, comrade. See, all is in readiness over there."

"Thank you, my friend, for I would not have her rest side by side with him."

"Here is my blanket, and she shall have it for a shroud; poor, poor Grace."

Softly the graceful form was enveloped in the blanket of the Scout, who then raised it tenderly in his arms and bore it to the new-made grave, which Tom Sun had thoughtfully filled in with poles, cut from a thicket near by, which served as a rude coffin.

Into her last resting-place the poor woman was lowered, and the blanket drawn over the beautiful sad face, upon which Red-Hand gazed with a stern, hard look that proved how deeply he suffered.

A few moments more and the dirt was thrown in most tenderly by Tom Sun, who seemed to feel to the very soul for his friend, while Red-Hand stood with uncovered head and folded arms gazing down upon the grave which held one that he had certainly loved most dearly in bygone years, and who had so strangely crossed his path in the wilds of the Black Hills—crossed his path to die by her own hand before his very face.

"Now, comrade, I have much to thank you for; but we must not linger here, for the living demand our care."

"Some day I will make known to you the story of my life, in all its cruelty and sorrow; but not now—no, not now."

"But tell me, how was it I found you here, Tom?" and with an effort Red-Hand seemed to bury his grief, and assume his olden manner.

"Things began to look squalid, pard, and I started over to your lay-out to look you up, when I ran against Paddy and Lone Dick, and they told me you had struck for my camp, so I put after you over the hills, missed the valley, and came down the slope just in time to—but we won't speak of that now, comrade; but, tell me, what is to be done?"

In a few words Red-Hand told his brother scout all the discoveries he had made since coming to the Black Hills, and then continued:

"That we are going to have a hard time, Tom, is evident, and my advice is to at once vacate your lay-out, and move bag and baggage to your stronghold, which we can hold against every Indian in these hills; yet, to be on the safe side, I have a plan to save the women, and that is to bring them here."

"Here! how will that protect them?"

"You have heard of the Haunted Valley of the Black Hills? Well, this is the valley, and no Indian of the Sioux tribe, or outlaw either, will ever penetrate into these wilds."

Tom Sun was a borderman of sound sense, and yet to a certain degree superstitious, and often had he heard Indian stories of the spirit valley, and he glanced somewhat nervously around him when told he was then in that weird locality, and Red-Hand continued:

"Tom, you and I know now the spirit that has haunted this valley, and we also know that this place will be sacred from intrusion, and here I will bring the women and children, and you, Tom, and Lone Dick, Paddy, Captain Ramsey and his son must be their guard."

"And you, comrade?"

"I will take my chances with the men at the lay-out. Now, old fellow, you heard—heard—Grace speak of her cabin?"

"Well, I'll strike the trail leading to it, put things right there, to welcome the women and children, and will then meet you at the upper end of this valley and guide you there."

"You mean for the party to leave the settlement to-night, then?"

"Yes, for the Indians will begin to move soon."

"Yonder is the horse I took from Bad Burke; mount him, and ride in all haste to the Ramsey camp; have the women and their party pack up at once, mount and hasten to the head of the valley, with all the necessary stores and traps for a long siege; then tell the men to move off with all due haste for the miners' camp, and mind you, Tom, they must be well on their way by daylight, for we have no time to lose."

"I am off at once, Red-Hand, but really I do not like to leave you alone in this valley," said Tom Sun, reluctantly.

"It matters not, Tom—the dead can do me no harm, and the living I have little fear of here."

"I'll do as you wish, comrade. It is now about two hours to midnight. Before day I will be at the head of the valley."

So saying, Tom Sun went to the outlaw's steed, mounted him, and the rattle of his hoofs echoed dimly through the hills as he rode rapidly on his way to the Ramsey camp, leaving Red-Hand alone in the Haunted Valley—alone with the dead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

Into the Whirlpool.

A STORY OF TWO LIVES.

BY HOLLY HAROLD.

LATE one warm, balmy, June day, over a decade of years ago, a lady and gentleman occupied a table by the open window of a fashionable down-town saloon on the great thoroughfare of our metropolis.

It was nearly sunset; and, from across the Hudson, level floods of yellow light glinted on the highest windows of the stately buildings on Broadway, leaving the street below in sweet shadow. Most of the day's traffic was over; the sounds of rumbling omnibuses, and an occasional swiftly-passing carriage, floated through the open window with a sort of hush upon them; and, within, Theda Martyne and Erle Lindon, seated before the debris of a dainty dinner, were the only occupants, save the white-aproned French and German waiters who lounged about, talking in subdued tones.

The lady layed absently with her goblet, her eyes cast down until their long lashes swept her cheeks. She was petite, slender, oval-faced and regular-featured. Pretty, she was called; but there was something in her face that redeemed it from the doll-likeness and inanition expressed by that word. Something which rendered her a countenance never to be forgotten when once looked upon. The charm was not in the thick, brown curls that clustered close and short about her shapely head; nor in the low, white forehead; nor in the startling pallor of her complexion, relieved only by the gleam of her scarlet, mobile mouth; but in the dark eyes, that could be tender or earnest, sorrowful or scornful, passionate or cold, as their owner willed; always with a great, vague longing mirrored in their depths, a longing for experience as yet un gained, a knowledge of the mystery of life as yet un solved. There were great possibilities in Theda Martyne's future. With right development she would make a glorious woman. And, in a vague, perplexing way, this eighteen-year-old girl was conscious of her own latent powers; though as yet she was a very child.

Erle Lindon was thinking something of this as he leaned carelessly back in his chair, and kept his head, gray eyes fixed steadily upon her face, calling faint, flickering flashes there. Superficial as were his habits, his brilliant moods, his reckless deeds, he was by nature keen and perceptive, and he read Theda's life. At length he broke the silence, using his rich tones softly and gravely.

"Well, Theda?"

She raised her eyes, slowly. "I hope what you say is not true."

"Hope, Theda," he exclaimed. "Are you not sure that this is the great initiatory mistake of your life? The father is wealthy, distinguished, honorable; and so you accepted the son! You do not love him! You do not know what love is!"

It was true Theda Martyne was engaged to Paul Taft, and did not love him. But she trusted and believed in him. Might not the flower that must bloom in every woman's heart blossom in Theda's for Paul, who would guard her from all experience in the world's arena of sin? Was it well that handsome, reckless Erle Lindon should seek to shake her faith?

"Forgive me, little one," he continued, "for neglecting your temporal wants. We will have some fruit and wine. What wine do you like?"

"I have never taken any."

"But you will, to-day. I prescribe it for those pale cheeks. I promised to bring color to them, you know." And headed champagne was soon sparkling in their glasses.

Should she drink it—she who had never yet touched the social glass to her lips?—Theda Martyne questioned of herself, seriously, as she watched the spiral, upward-floating foam. If she had but known of the possibilities of a magnificent life slumbering within her own nature that the "invisible spirit of wine" could kill; if she had but dreamed that the splendid man opposite her was already too fond of the deadly drink; if she had but realized that in her wavering hands she held his all of salvation! But she could not read the fate that hung upon her decision, and so, blindly, shaped her own and Erle Lindon's destiny, as she quaffed the delicate liquor that added brightness to her eyes, and brought rose tints to her cheeks, and pleased her with its dainty flavor.

Five years previous to this June-time Theda Martyne had met Erle Lindon. She was a pretty, bewitching, idealistic child, just budding into early womanhood; he, a handsome youth, starting on the voyage of life with firm step and joyously beating heart; honor his watchword, fame his goal, and his spirit one to do or die. It was not strange that the two, thrown constantly together, drifted into friendship; and when their lives again diverged, business and travel occupying his time and study hers, they met just often enough for him to retain his old fascination over her; treating her always in a familiar, petting, authoritative way, to which she yielded a winning, passive obedience. And the years wrought changes. Theda Martyne was orphaned and living with an uncle and guardian, where she had met and become engaged to Paul Taft. They were both young—Theda and Paul—and several years were to intervene between their betrothal and marriage. A fatal interval for a girl like Theda, whose intellect, naturally more than ordinarily brilliant, had been well trained and developed by thorough study, but whose passions yet lay dormant in the light sleep of girlhood.

Just at this period Erle Lindon's life-path met hers again. He had arrived at man's estate, entrusted with great power. Never manhood's vista opened for a glorious future. Only warm friends gathered about his pathway, bright suns shone over him, and he breathed over the incense of flattery. The old warm friendship between himself and Theda was renewed with fatal fascination for both.

Mr. Lindon was a talented, brilliant man; with a dash of recklessness about him that made him charming to most women. High-bred, thoroughly-traveled, accustomed to moving in the highest circles of fashionable society, his manners had all the unstudied courtliness, the graceful chivalry, and delicate, subtly flattery, so thoroughly appreciated by immature refined, intellectual women. To Theda, these charms were intensified by the ten-

der imperiousness with which he compelled her concurrence with his wishes. And to her he breathed his aspirations, his hopes, his sorrows. Of her he claimed sympathy and comfort. And upon her simple faith and womanliness he essayed to stake his belief in human nature.

For a long time Miss Martyne forced herself to be blind to the fact that successes, all too easily won, were rendering Erle inactive and vain-glorious. Of this man—whom she admired excessively; who fascinated and controlled her; who gave her the sweetest of all flattery, the devotion and sympathy of perfect congeniality; and for the sake of whose friendship she would have ventured everything—she could not believe that storm-clouds were darkening his sky. She would not see that the high aspirations of a heart whose every instinct had been pure and noble were being chilled by the destroying tides of fashionable follies; well-nigh engulfed by the whirlpool of mad dissipation. Yet Erle's morbid intervals, his ineffectual attempts after a higher life, his broadly-dropped hints, might have told her this.

But Theda was blind! Herself strong in conception and nature, she was an ardent admirer of power in others. In Erle Lindon she had found the only will that could subdue her own; and she, worshiping his strength, had idealized the man until she neither could, nor would, see faults in him. She knew, and shuddered, that he had cast away the faith of his youth, and affected to despise the efficiency of the cross; but he was innately noble, and she had such confidence in herself and in her power over him, even while the currents of the whirlpool that circled about him entangled her own wayward feet.

And all this time her troth was pledged to Paul Taft. She had never thought of breaking it. She would not give her love unasked to any man; and Erle Lindon had never wooed her.

A year and a half had passed since that June evening when Theda Martyne and Erle Lindon had taken their first *tele-a-tele* dinner together; and they sat again, where they had spent many an hour, in the spacious saloon; but not alone. A party of gentlemen paid their homage to the slight, beautiful woman who graced the head of the table. It had been a gala day, but the throngs in the saloon were fast lessening when Erle brought Theda here, inviting his friends to dine with him.

Riding home, after the gayety of the dinner, Erle leaned back in the carriage watching Theda, whose eyes wandered to the snowy street. She was a woman now, instead of the pale, intellectual girl; but on the face was a weary discontent, in the deep eyes a restless, reckless, almost despairing look.

"Theda, Theda," he cried, suddenly, "you are not the same little girl you were once!"

"Who has changed me, then?" she demanded, hotly.

He winced under her questioning, and in an instant her hands were on his shoulders, and she pleaded, wistfully. "Forgive me, Erle! I am not sorry for the insight you are giving me into life, but

terly men fail to read women"—she pressed her lips to his forehead, once—thrice—and the carriage was bearing him away alone, with the touch of her caress scorching like a flame upon his brow.

The summer fled, and no word passed between Erle and Theda Martine; the autumn, blood-dyed, like the far-away battle-fields, faded; and one dreary day, when winter's first storm of snow beat against London's office window, he listlessly cut the leaves of a new magazine and started at the name he saw there. He loved the woman who bore it as intensely as he, morbid, reckless, miserable, could love any one. And he knew since their last parting, and the tacit silence that had followed, that Theda loved him. But the haughty woman whose promise he had won to be his wife was wealthy; and he needed her gold to refurbish his fame, which each day lost somewhat of its lustre; to re-win wealth, that he had squandered.

Miss Martine was writing, with a dash and vividness that had placed her name already in a first-class magazine. Erle understood the subtle power that had wooed her into the paths of literature. He knew the passion breathing in every line her white hand had traced, was her love for him transferred to the conception of her intellect; and, with feverish jealousy, he would fain have torn those pages from the book, that others might not cull these blossoms of a plant his hand had trained.

With an impatient, mad desire upon him, he sauntered toward the saloon where he and Theda had so often met; and there she sat. Warmly, passionately beautiful she looked, her dark eyes drooping wearily, and her hand toying in the old, restless fashion with a half-filled wine-glass. He stood before her with outstretched hands.

Instantly she clasped them, questioning, "Erle, what is the matter?"

He had paled and flushed at her touch, and now he stood before her, wan and haggard. She, cool and self-conquering, motioned him to the chair at her side, and pushed toward him a glass of wine. As he drank she spoke on indifferent subjects and they fell into the old, desultory talk; and neither cared that the twilight had fallen, and the storm beat more heavily upon the windows. When she arose he ordered a carriage, entering it with her unbidden.

Then he spoke passionately, pleadingly: "Theda, say you love me!"

"What good will that do?" she answered, sadly, her eyes dreamily tender, and her hand wandering caressingly to his.

"This good!" he broke forth, impetuously. "I will marry you! I cannot live without you! Say that I may—now—to-night—make my wife!"

She looked into his flushed, haggard face and hesitated. Would he wish this to-morrow, away from her; uninfluenced by passion or wine? Then the demon in her soul whispered, "What matter how you win him—so he is yours!"

"Yes," Erle was content with her sweet hands clasped in his, her kisses, at last, upon his lips. Only when they stood waiting for the clergyman some thought flashed through his mind of what he was doing.

"Once for all, Theda, you will not repent this! My name has lost the honor it had in the long ago days, and storms are gathering darkly about my life."

"Yet I do not hesitate to link my life with it," she answered him, bravely; and then the clergyman commenced the marriage ceremony.

As they went away, man and wife, Theda whispered: "Erle, we will both redeem the past with the future."

"Too late!" he answered her, sadly. "Now, when most I need the strength and honor of my youth, I know that my uncured passions are my masters. The golden promises of my manhood have turned to ashes! It is too late! Too late, Theda!"

And on her marriage eve Theda Lindon was forced to look upon her idol—shattered! The strength she had worshiped and idealized in Erle Lindon was not.

Alone, and miserable, unutterably miserable, Theda Lindon, the month-old bride, waited at midnight for her husband's coming. At last his hand threw open the door. Straight to her chair he came, and, kneeling, hid his face in her lap.

"Theda, poor little girl, I am ruined! dishonored!"

With the control she had learned so well, she said, softly: "You are weary now—don't talk! You can tell me in the morning. You need rest, my darling."

She was a tender wife, remembering that perhaps she had helped to make her husband what he was. With her arms about him he arose.

"Brandy," he said, feverishly; "give me some brandy, Theda!"

"Please not, darling!"

He kissed her, passionately. After the caress, with tears in her eyes, she offered him the drink. He must have something to quiet the unstrung nerves, the intense mental excitement under which he was laboring. He essayed again to tell her what troubled him. She sealed his lips with kisses.

"Erle, I willingly share any disgrace as your wife. Do not worry; try to rest, and tell me in the morning."

But in the morning a terrible fever raged in his veins; and his confessions, and doubts, and ravings, were heartbreaking to the remorse-stricken woman who watched him.

"Theda, Theda," he would cry, pitifully, "you could have saved me—you could have saved me!"

Was it not true? She was a reckless, socially ruined woman; sinking fast into the whirlpool that was closing over her, because—she had made no effort to save herself. Had she retained her own pure faith and womanliness, she might have helped him. For many days and nights she was forced to bear the acute agony of listening to that accusing cry, until the lips uttering it grew cold and silent forever.

Only twenty-one was Theda Lindon, the penniless widow of a gambler, a drunkard, and a forger; but she had existed ages in experience, a heartless, remorse-haunted woman, versed in the bitter experiences of the city's great undercurrent of fashionable folly.

Yet she lived, and essayed to earn money and forgetfulness by the writing that had brought success before its sorrowful interruption. But the weary brain and languid hands refused to do her bidding until, at last, in a frenzy of despair, she took the stimulants that could arouse her to the desired efforts. Day after day she used the deadly poison; and day after day her work grew under her hand, until it was completed, and launched upon the billows of public criticism. Genius was stamped upon its every page; but, alas, it was a genius emasculated—degraded! A book that the

young would read with avidity, and put aside without gaining moral or mental elevation—rather, with the shadow of a taint upon their purity and faith. A book, splendid in conception, that thrilled, fascinated, compelled admiration, but elicited profoundest pity. The work of a passion-seared heart, a fevered imagination, a weary, despairing, unbelieving woman, who had forced her brilliant intellect to work subject to the influence of intoxicants.

And that was the work that Paul Taft read; kind, sorrowing, sinned against Paul. Read, and then he sought the woman whom he pitied as intensely as he had once loved her.

In a room, daintily luxurious in its appointments, he found Mrs. Lindon—pale and haggard, but weirdly, splendidly beautiful, despite her sunken cheeks, her dark-circled, despairing eyes, her defiant, cynically-smiling mouth. She reclined on a lounge in the midst of scarlet shadows. A table bearing luscious fruit and deep-hued liquor stood near, and on the secretaire at her side were scattered the implements of her profession.

She arose languidly to meet him; and he, standing before this wreck of the pure, delicate child who had plighted her troth to him, could find no words with which to greet her. She motioned him to a seat, and asked him in her careless, weary way if he would not congratulate her upon her literary success.

"You will never have another chance," she added.

"Why not, Theda—Mrs. Lindon?" he questioned, with a sickening dread upon him.

"Mrs. Lindon, that is better; the other name links my life too vividly with the time when I floated on the smooth waters of unawakened passions, untempted, innocent faiths; then, suddenly recollecting herself: 'why? because I shall never write another book. I will not draw other young lives into the whirlpool that is swallowing mine!'"

"Then lead them up instead. With your genius you can do it."

"Can I?" she asked, bitterly. "Look!" her slender finger pointed to the sparkling drink—"there is my genius."

Again and again, Paul Taft's steps led him to Mrs. Lindon's presence, in his great desire to save her from that slow, sure, debasing ruin which must surely result from the life she led.

But death, sudden death, with him at her side, saved her from that. A sharp, quick spasm, and her quiet voice said:

"Paul, I am dying, I think."

Instantly he knelt by her chair; for one moment the old love surged through his heart. Then it was lost in pity as she whispered:

"Futurity, what is it like?"

"It is eternity you are entering, Mrs. Lindon. Will you not accept the redemption which can save, even now?"

"At this late hour? No! I must reap what I have sown—but I will not be a coward! Good-by," she faltered, marvelously self-conquering to the last. And the whirlpool of social, mental, physical and moral ruin closed over beautiful, brilliant Theda Lindon.

THREE PAIRS AND ONE.

(From the German of Ruckert.)

BY HENRI MONTCALEM.

Thou hast two ears and but one mouth:
(Count them if you doubt it.)
So shalt thou hear much, yet shalt say
Little about it.

Thou hast two eyes and but one mouth:
Let it not grieve thee any,
Seeing many things, thou'lt silent be
Concerning many.

Thou hast two hands and but one mouth:
Yet learn the meaning of it.
The two shall do the work—the one
Shall eat the profit.

The Right of Search.

A STORY OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

BY HENRI MONTCALEM.

The events I am about to describe date back to a period twenty years ago, at which time I was but a newly-appointed midshipman—the youngest of the larboard steerage—of the U. S. ship of war *Excellence*, Captain David Hodge. As they relate to the right of search as applied to slavers, those of my readers familiar with the subject will pardon a word of explanation inserted here for the benefit of those who are not.

Slaving not being reckoned as piracy by the law of nations, no ship was permitted to search another, even though the latter were positively known to be loaded with negroes, unless the two vessels carried the same flag. Consequently, any slaver when pursued, if aware of her pursuer's nationality, might run up a foreign flag and sail coolly away under its protection, her enemy being entirely powerless in the matter. This was the state of affairs from the treaty for the mutual suppression of the African slave trade between Great Britain and the United States, in 1842, down to the treaty of 1863, which to some slight extent, mended the matter.

The *Excellence* had been cruising off the Guinea coast, particularly about the region between Cape Three Points and the Bight of Benin, for upward of four months, now, and nothing to speak of had come of it. To be sure, we had been ashore once or twice to call on the king of Dahomey, the best misrepresentative of royalty to be found on the western coast at that time, and he had dined us deliciously on shelled peanuts, and pledged our professional health in deep draughts of his villainous *sego*. But of our legitimate business in that part of the world we had done little or nothing.

Nor was this exactly for lack of opportunity. We knew very well that the rascally old potentate was trading off his subjects at the rate of a thousand or so every two or three weeks. We would even lie there sometimes and see a slaver go to sea, knowing that her decks below were crowded with miserable negroes. But if we made a movement to pursue, up would go a Spanish or English flag, and all we could do was to let her severely alone. Once, indeed, we did circumvent one of them most beautifully. We had followed her up when she put out of the river until she showed English colors, and then, as the breeze was light and the night a promising one, the old man ordered out the barge and sent an officer up to Elmina, ten miles above us, to inform a British sloop of war which we knew to be there.

We hung to the slaver all night with the ship, and just at daybreak, sure enough, there was the Englishman making for her with all sail spread. When the fellow saw her, he thought to get out of it by running up a French flag, but at this—since change of flag is presumably evidence of fraud—we both pounced upon him and in half an hour had his crew in irons.

But that wasn't the story I started to tell. As I say, we were not always as fortunate as that, and after weeks and weeks of hot weath-

er and no prizes, the whole ship's company began to grow desperate.

One evening, just before twilight came on—or what would be twilight if they had such a thing in those latitudes—we were standing idly along toward Coast Castle, when a sail was reported as seen over the land, the vessel being just about to emerge from a small bay that makes in just there. Captain Hodge was on deck at the time, and himself addressed the masthead.

"Do you know her?" was his first inquiry. "Can't make her out just yet, sir, on account of the hill," answered the lookout. "I should judge from the size of them topsails and the rake of her masts that it is the big schooner we overhauled last week."

A moment after, and the captain hailed again. "How is she now, my man?"

"'Tis the schooner, sir."

"All right. Keep an eye on her," and the captain went below a moment.

Fifteen minutes after we were in full sight of the slaver, for slaver we knew her to be. That low, black hull and rakish build could belong to no respectable craft, even if the presence of such could be accounted for just there and then.

"Now," cries the old man, again making his appearance on deck, and as much interested in the affair as was I, the most inexperienced youngster in the ship, "we'll make her show her colors. If she don't recognize us she may show a different flag from what she did before. If so, she is ours."

But the stranger was not to be caught in any such way as that. She did remember us perfectly well, probably had known precisely where we were every day for the last week, and when a gun was fired she ran up the British flag as innocently as could be. Shortly after the sudden darkness of the tropics came on, the faltering sea-breeze died out entirely, and night set in with the two vessels within half a mile of each other, and hardly likely to change their relative positions before morning.

At daylight, quite contrary to his custom, the old man was on deck again and inquiring for the slaver. She was still in sight; but a slight land breeze had sprung up shortly before day broke, and she was cautiously edging off to the westward. Although she might be perfectly safe according to the law's letter, she did not feel easy in our vicinity any more than a thief does in the company of a policeman. And so the captain remarked to the officer of the watch.

"Mr. Bright," said he, "the nigger don't mean to stay by us long, even if we can't touch him." The captain always called all slavers "niggers" without discrimination or difference. Mr. Bright was the second lieutenant, young for his rank, and a man who had won rapid promotion by his decision and integrity. His answer was characteristic.

"And why can't we touch him?" he asked, in a meaning sort of way.

The captain seemed to understand him perfectly well; but he shook his head gravely. "It wouldn't do, Mr. Bright, it wouldn't do."

"But nothing would ever come of it, sir. Suppose we should take the fellow with the English colors flying, do you really think any complaint would ever reach the English government?"

The captain still shook his head. "I don't know about that, Mr. Bright," he said, "but I don't like to do it. The thing would be unprecedented. It's too bad, too, with the nigger right here in our hands and we not at liberty to take hold of him, and he strode off toward his cabin. Yet the lieutenant's idea seemed still to be working in his mind, for just as he was about to disappear he called out again, "Mr. Bright, you may as well shake out an extra rag or two and keep the scoundrel in sight."

Then he vanished down the stairs muttering something about his extreme curiosity to behold a cursed "nigger" who could get away from the *Excellence* when her blood was up.

So we loitered along after the schooner with what little wind there was, and after breakfast we were surprised by an order coming in to the steersman, summoning all the commissioned officers, even of lowest rank, to the captain's cabin. We went aft in a hurry and found all assembled around the cabin table, except Mr. Bright, who was still in charge of the deck. Captain Hodge stood at the head of the table. We waited for him to speak.

"Gentlemen," he began, "please fill your glasses. And now here's to the honor and success of the old *Excellence*."

We drank the toast with great enthusiasm. Then he went on: "Gentlemen, it is too bad, it is outrageous, the way things are at present. Here have we been cruising up and down here all summer long and hardly a prize to show for it. And now, here is another blamed nigger right before our face and eyes—we know his hold is full of slaves—we can almost see 'em, and if the wind would haul to west'rd a bit hang me if I don't believe we could smell 'em—and yet, because the fellow has run up a British Jack we've got to lose him. Gentlemen, I repeat, it is outrageous!"

We all asserted clamorously that it was monstrous.

"And something ought to be done about it," continued the old man, waxing warmer and more indignant. "Ordinarily, I can somehow manage to stand it, but this fellow has been dodging here for a week with a rascally lie at his peak, and this time I'm not going to stand it."

The captain paused and wiped his brow with his silk handkerchief.

"Now, gentlemen," he again went on, "you all know it was rather duskish last night when we made the fellow show his colors. Are you all perfectly certain what flag it was he hoisted?"

We all kept silent with a puzzled air.

"That is to say," he continued, "are you all perfectly certain it was the English flag? There was blue in it and red in it. Now, may there not have been white in it, too? In short, may it not have been the United States flag?"

The captain said this with a queer kind of smile that suddenly betrayed to us his meaning. Probably he himself was the most scrupulous officer present—indeed, upon him must the whole responsibility rest. If he chose to run the risk it was hardly probable that any of us would hesitate, especially at what we considered a perfectly justifiable piece of deception.

We had suffered enough already in consequence of this punctiliousness of the home government about the right of search. Up spoke little Bradford of South Carolina. "I was in the main top at the time, sir, and my eyesight is very good indeed. I could almost swear it was the stars and stripes he showed."

Several others of us made similar remarks in a jocular kind of way; but the captain interrupted us.

"This is no joking matter, gentlemen. If we seize that schooner while she is under a British flag, we deliberately violate the law of nations, and without doubt run the risk of a

national dispute. Yet I intend to seize her—on one condition." Here he paused and looked around the circle of eager faces.

"Please name it, sir," said the first lieutenant, seriously.

"That each of you pledge me his honor that he will everywhere and under all circumstances, unless under oath, insist upon it that she showed the United States flag last night."

Every man of us immediately declared his willingness to promise this.

"Mr. Hazleton," said the captain to me, "will you ask Mr. Bright to step to the companion-way?"

I went on deck and communicated to the second lieutenant the captain's request. As soon as he appeared, Captain Hodge called out to him: "Mr. Bright, are you sure the schooner showed the United States flag last night?"

"The United States flag? Why, she—Oh! yes, I am quite sure."

"Could you swear to it?"

"I could do anything almost but swear to it."

"Very well, sir. Can you come down a moment? Gentlemen, let us once more drink to the honor of the old ship—and remember that that honor should be as dear to us as our own. And now, Mr. Bright, let us overhaul the nigger as soon as possible. For by the Great Horn Spoon! we'll have her show us she flies the flag of every nation in Christendom!"

All sail was immediately made on board the *Excellence*; and the slaver, seeing that something was up and that we evidently meant to overtake her, did her very best to prevent it. But as the captain had said, there were few slavers that could get away with the *Excellence* when she was doing her best, and a light breeze abeam was her best point.

Slowly but surely we overhauled her, and at noon were almost within hailing distance. The old man was on deck in person and chose to assume the trumpet and negotiate the whole business himself. He had a powerful voice and he used it as soon as there was the slightest possibility of its being heard.

"Come into the wind," he cried, "or I'll blow you out of water."

The stranger held straight on. He either did not or would not understand. But a round shot across his bow brought him to. As we drew nearer he called out in the best of English:

"By what right do you stop a Queen's vessel?"

"Go to the pit with your Queen's vessel. You were a States' vessel last night. Stand by till we send a boat on board."

Two cutters were manned, and under charge of Lieutenant Bright, dispatched to the schooner. Her papers were examined and her character as an American vessel established positively. She belonged in Charleston, and indeed, Dick Bradford was quite ready to swear, after hearing this and seeing the captain, that he had seen the latter peddling slaves about the streets of that city many a time.

The slaver's crew were put in irons but left on board their own vessel. An unusually large prize crew was told off, and to our surprise, Lieutenant Bright was put in charge of it. He was a favorite with the captain and we had expected the third or fourth luff would go. But the truth was the captain was a trifle nervous about the affair after it was over with, and he was particular about the prize.

The schooner's captain had made a good deal of talk about the matter, swearing that the vessel was English and that his government would right the matter for him.

Before Mr. Bright left us for the last time to go on board his new command the captain took him below and had a long talk with him. Then the two came up together, shook hands affectionately and Mr. Bright went over the side with a farewell nod to us all. Before night the schooner was out of sight to windward.

A year after, the *Excellence* having by that time been ordered home, I learned that Bright took the slaver in, all right, but reported that her officers and entire crew had, by some ingenious plan, escaped in the long boat before he got away from the African coast. Very little had been said about the matter, however, at the navy department, and shortly afterward Bright had received his promotion. I thought that altogether the thing looked rather strange and I straightway elaborated a theory of my own about the matter. By Captain Hodge's orders Bright had probably put the schooner's company on shore before going to sea. The captain thought, I suppose, that they would be less likely to give any trouble about our "violation of the British flag" if left in Africa. And as I believe, Bright took home with him from the captain letters to the Secretary of War (a personal friend of Captain Hodge's) explaining the whole matter and recommending Bright for promotion. At any rate, he was promoted and we never heard anything more from the captain of the slaver.

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A CHAPTER OF CASUALTIES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I.
John Smith with cautious steps approached
The aft heels of a mule,
And all upon a sudden found
That he had been a fool.

II.
Young Spriggle tried to cross the track
Before a railroad train,
And hadn't time enough to swear
He'd not do so again.

III.
The sick edge of a buzz-saw lured
Young Woble's curious touch;
The saw went on, the hand went off,
Astonishing him much.

IV.
A hunter blew into a gun
With all his much-laid main,
But didn't blow quite hard enough:
The gun blew back again!

V.
He left the hen-coop in the dark,
And with his arms full flew;
A load of shot came over him,
And these he bore off too.

VI.
He trod on orange peeling and
Reverse of fortune found—
His feet were where his head had been—
The latter on the ground.

VII.
She started it with kerosene,
And bright the fire flared;
The can got out of good repair,
And she to heaven repaired.

VIII.
The scaffold fell, and he went down
With it to see the cause
Rather than stay and wonder why—
His wife is widow Haws.

IX.
On Sunday he went out to swim
And drowned as boys will do;
They brought him to with cannons fired—
Yes failed to bring him to.

X.
Into the well good Mr. Jones
Unceremoniously fell;
And while they mourned for him full sore
They said his death was well.

XI.
He thought the pistol empty, and
His playfulness he showed;
He put it to his head and snapped—
The pistol had no load!

A Boarding-House Idyl.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"WEAK imitations of a grand original." That was what Bromley, who prided himself upon being a connoisseur, said of Rube Dale's pictures. "You see," went on the would-be critic, "in the great Ten Stryke we could pardon the little inconsistencies of green skies and yellow clouds, and even crimson hills and purple lakes could not detract from the grandeur of his genius, but when he undertakes to perpetrate these things he makes himself absurd."

Dale himself had a quivering perception of the same fact, but as his dabbling in art was solely for his own amusement, and he would as soon have thought of shooting himself as offering even his masterpiece for exhibition, Bromley always let up from those tirades of his by assuring every one within hearing that Dale was "a good fellow if he was execrable as an artist," and immediately invited himself around to dinner at Dale's expense.

It was on one of these occasions that he nudged his companion's elbow, and addressed him *setto voce*:

"I say, where's that ancient female of grim repute, the stately, the strident, the obstreperous Mary Ann! I've been thinking all along that something was lacking, and have just made the discovery that it was her."

Like Mark Twain's travelers, Bromley had no idea that his bad grammar would go into print some day.

"Married," responded Rube, sententiously. "A week ago."

"Ye gods! Well, while there are men and women, there'll be no accounting for tastes, I presume. And that's the fair M. A.'s successor, I take it. Don't you think it rather a remarkable head?"

"I don't—kn— Oh, certainly." He cast what he intended as a careless glance toward the trim maid in waiting which took in the folds of a blue dress and a bit of white ruffled apron, further than which in the week Ailsie O'Neil had deftly served him he had never seen. He was the most amazingly bashful of men, a bachelor of the most confirmed type, and the tie which bound him to this boarding-house was that the landlady had not addressed a dozen words to him in the five years he had been an inmate of the house.

But for all this he was not a woman-hater. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that his real admiration for the fair sex must always seem the opposite through his excessive, unhappy shyness.

Bromley knew his friend's weakness and was not for an instant deceived.

"The bashful cove hasn't the spirit to look into a pretty girl's face," thought Brom. "I don't know what impelled him unless it was an impulse of wanton malice, but he gave his shoulder a shrug and threw an accent of disgust into his next words."

"Speaking of tastes, I can't say that I admire Mrs. Bloomer's; and I'll be hanged, Dale, if I admire yours. Mrs. Bloomer may be an admirable landlady, but she's not a handsome woman, and her waitresses all as far short of her in beauty as she falls short of the Venus Celestia. The gaunt Mary Ann was had enough, but this one—! I say, old fellow, you can paint the Medusa's head from life after this."

Dale thrilled with a faint sort of sickening shock.

The soft, low voice of the new maid had led him to expect something different; he had even tried once or twice to screw up his courage to the sticking point and take a look at her, and was fairly started on the way to success—having got as far as the little beruffled drift of an apron where it was tied at a trim, round waist—when Bromley's wickedness dashed the "cup of his desires." From that time forth he shrank into himself, if possible, more than ever before; his glances never wandered from his plate to that enchanting glint of blue. Certain vague, fluttering longings that had come to him briefly were laid again at rest.

Being blonde, pale, commonplace and insignificant himself, Rube was of course a beauty-worshiper, and thought that he had the soul of an artist, but it was probably the law which rules the attraction of opposites manifesting itself in an abstract way.

He had a place in a down town office somewhere from which he was home punctually at five. It lacked half an hour of that time, one day, when the hatter's boy rung the bell and handed in a new purchase of Mr. Dale's. It fell to Ailsie's lot to carry it up to his room.

A new picture hung upon the wall there, regarding the execution of which Rube rather felicitated himself; and whatever its defects might be in critical eyes, it seemed a perfect gem to lonely little Ailsie O'Neil. But it was not as a work of art it held her like one fascinated before it, and filled her eyes with sudden tears. They were overflowing when presently—the time seemed to her but a moment—she heard Dale's step upon the stairs. She turned hurriedly, and a head of Clytie that stood upon a bracket at her side fell and shivered.

Poor Ailsie stood a picture of pale despair over the fragments. A picture, indeed! Rube never saw the bits of broken marble; what he did see was a round, fair face, with almond-shaped gray eyes that were shaded by long, black, curling lashes, and heavy braids of purple-black, glossy hair reaching below her waist and fastened with a bit of scarlet ribbon at the ends. The startled eyes sought his appealingly.

"Oh, yer honor, I didn't mane it. Sure, it's broke me heart is wid the doin' of it at all. Ooh, but ye'll kill me intirely if ye sind me away and no recomind because of me carelessness, which the misthress, saints rest her! would be fray to deny; but I'll make it up to yer honor—I will, indeed—if yer honor'll plaze to take me wages ivery week till the leddy's paid for to the last cint. I'll work me fingers to the bone but I'll do it, sure."

Mr. Dale recognized the soft voice through the broad brogue which fright had lent to it. He turned both hot and cold under that imploring gaze. He walked across and laid his arm upon the end of the mantel, standing there with his head in the shadow.

"Mother o' God, soften the hard heart of him," cried poor Ailsie. "It's the truth, I tell ye, that I never saw it at all at all, for I was blind I was wid cryin' at the old home in Connaught—me own Connaught, and it's wishin' I am that I was there this day."

"What do you mean?" Rube found voice to ask.

"I mane to pay yer honor true and honest, if ye'll but wait."

"Oh, that! I mean your talk of Connaught."

A glow mounted Ailsie's face despite her trouble. "It's there, sure," she said, pointing to the picture. "It's there to the life, yer honor, the bog and the furze on the hill-side where the goats run, and there's where the shanty wud be beyant the trees, and that's the tower o' the Reeks where the quality come, which I've seen meself many's the day. Ooh, but it's bitter luck has come to me now."

"Never mind, it's not worth the bother. I don't care."

"Do ye mane that ye won't spake the bad word ag'in me?"

"No, why should I? It was an accident. I say, you can have the picture."

"Ye honor!"

"It's—it's of no consequence," stammered Rube, unconsciously borrowing a phrase from Mr. Toots, backing into deeper shadow and deprecating the genuine Irish thanks which were showered upon him. They were for his clemency, for Ailsie resolutely refused the gift. She insisted besides upon turning over her monthly stipend as she received it, much to Mr. Dale's discomfiture.

"It makes me feel deucedly like a human shark, a regular Shylock, you know," he confided to Bromley, but he submitted, partly because there was no choice left him, partly that it gave him the chance of touching the soft little hand that regularly dropped the money into his.

Having found his eyes where Ailsie was concerned, Mr. Dale seemed to have registered a vow to use them in looking at her to the exclusion of all other women. He watched her flying like a bird all over the house, sustaining order with deft touches, and making herself invaluable to Mrs. Bloomer. She appeared sometimes with sprigs of scarlet geranium in her satin black hair which she wore with charming unconsciousness, but Rube always blushed to his eyebrows on these occasions. Ailsie was far too busy to give much thought to the unknown sender of the bright blossoms.

"That's all," he said, when she came to him for the third time with her month's salary. "I'll give you some back; it's more than the thing was worth." He had longed to say so last time, and trembled now lest the girl had framed some idea of the true value of the statuette, but was reassured as she quietly received the portion of her poor little offering which he returned.

She looked so pretty, with the curling lashes lying against the round cheeks, rose-flushed like the dawn, while the braids of her hair were for once unloosed and it waved in kinks and curls down her back. Rube's heart was in his eyes, and as he touched the soft little hand, he suddenly committed the most audacious act of his life. He clasped it fast and stooping swiftly, kissed her.

She started back with a passionate cry.

"I thought better of ye. Faix, it's to drive me out on the world ye were bound to do, but better first—better first. I'll not forgive nor forget it, sure."

She flashed from the room in a quiver of indignation before Dale, abashed and confused, could offer an extenuating word. The old manner of affairs returned. Ailsie wore no more red blossoms, and had never a look for the pale little faint-hearted man who occupied his place like a lay figure, and was so patiently mute that even Bromley dropped him for the time.

"Typhoid, ma'am, of the malignant sort. Pity I wasn't called sooner. I can't advise moving him, but if you insist on it we must take the risk."

"I hate to do it, but there's no other way," said Mrs. Bloomer, much perturbed. "Mr. Dale's been my best boarder, but I can't lose all the rest for one."

"If you please, ma'am!" Ailsie's brogue was scarcely apparent except when she was greatly excited, and it was Ailsie appearing now. "If you please, wid all the empty rooms, couldn't the gentleman stay and no one ever know it at all?"

The doctor, spying a loophole, made the best of it.

"Your boarders, ma'am, will be as safe from the contagion as if they hustled off into new places, or he, poor fellow! were turned into the street this hour. It's one of the cases where a little deception is justifiable. I'll send a nurse if you say so."

Thus, the other inmates came to know that quiet Mr. Dale was down with a nervous attack, and never having bestowed two thoughts upon that unassuming individual, forgot the fact in the next topic which came up. Thus, also, Mr. Camperdown, who roomed opposite Rube, never suspected how he happened to be assigned to a better apartment at that particular time.

But in the sick room there were weary days and nights. Even the professional nurse flag-

ged; and Ailsie, or less frequently, good-hearted Mrs. Bloomer would take turns in watching.

The danger was over at last. Convalescence came, then recovery.

On the first day Mr. Dale went down to dinner he met with a disappointment. Another maid was waiting in Ailsie's place.

"She went to the hospital on Tuesday," said Mrs. Bloomer, when he lingered after the meal was over to make inquiries. "With the fever; yes, sir, that was it. You see, there was nothing else to be done, Mr. Dale. The other girls would not have kept quiet as she did; the talk of typhoid would have been all over the house in a day's time. Anyway she couldn't have hired attendance." Rube thought of the Clytie and groaned. "I told her I would take her back whenever she was fit to come."

"She'll never come," he broke forth with an energy which made the good lady open her eyes. "That is, I hope she won't," he added, more dubiously.

And she did not.

But for all that, Rube's courage was at its lowest ebb as he stood by the straight, white, hospital bed, where Ailsie was bolstered up, the shadow of herself after weeks of illness.

"I know how kind you have been," the weak little voice said, gratefully. "The nurse has told me, and I would have known by the flowers and fruit without."

Rube stammered and came very near repeating Mr. Toots again, but—who can tell what understanding she had pieced out as she had lain there thinking by the hour? Ailsie gave him a wistful glance out of her great gray eyes, and shyly laid her hand, white as snow and pitifully thin, upon his palm. The black lashes swept down upon her cheeks, a smile trembled upon her lips, and then Mr. Dale had kissed her again, this time without being repulsed.

He has given up painting. The charming beauty of his wife satisfies every desire of his "artist's soul," but he never told her that he had intended anything but a bit of wild Irish scenery in that picture which was the agent that worked all the mischief.

Jim Smith's Will.

BY FRANK DAVES.

He was bald-headed, and his name was Smith. Although, as you are aware, he ran a thousand chances to one of being christened John, he was not. His name was Jim. He was chuffy, puffy and eccentric. He was a bachelor, and very rich. Twenty years previous to the events here being detailed, he was on board a Mississippi steamer when it blew up. Among the saved was himself; and he held a child in his arms. He said that in the excitement of the moment he seized the first thing he touched, which was the child. Being a fair swimmer, he succeeded in keeping it and himself both above the waves until assistance came.

Finding no claimant for the child, although he searched and advertised far and wide, he determined to adopt it, as he was wifeless and childless, and likely to remain so.

The child bloomed into a most beautiful woman. Smith educated her, and initiated her into the mysteries of the best society.

Her beauty was lauded to the skies, or as near there as the thin material of upper tenedom could get it; and her intellectual powers were remarkable.

Being intellectual, she was not to be gulled into loving every star of society who came along, but reserved the affection of her heart of hearts for an ideal that she imagined to exist somewhere in the masculine world.

At length she found him. His name was Brinton. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, manly-looking person. They met at Long Branch, and were not slow, after getting acquainted, in forming a friendship that observant ones saw would not flash out at the end of the season.

They saw—that is, the old campaigners—that the earnest soul of Jerry Brinton would not abandon the queenly love of Laura Smith when cold weather came, and take in its place a simpering, beapainted, debilitated daughter of wealth. Besides, Miss Laura had expectations—and large expectations they were, for old Jimmy was very rich.

The sunny hours flew; the bright days passed; and the two lovers were doomed to part, for Laura was going back to the city, and Jerry was going to Europe on urgent business. But one bright morning—the day of parting—as they stood on the sparkling sand, and looked dreamily away over the swelling waves of the blue, beautiful ocean, he asked her to be his wife; and she consented.

The next day after their return to their city home, old Jimmy, or Mr. James Smith, Esq., as you will have it, fell sick; and in a few days he discovered that the hand of Death was on him, and prepared for the consequences.

Calling in a prominent attorney—the well-known Mr. James Dudley—he ordered him to write his will.

His will gave his entire property to his adopted daughter, Laura, at the end of three years, or at her marriage, provided that during that time she did not marry without the written consent of his brother Jacob, whom he appointed her guardian during that period; and if she did marry without such consent the property was to pass entirely into the hands of Jacob and his heirs.

Of course, Jacob Smith being an ordinary man, would not consent to any alliance of his niece during these years in which he was to hold the property.

In a few months Jerry Brinton came back from Europe, and at the will and counsel of Miss Laura, asked of old Jacob the hand of his niece.

But Jacob became heroic. He showed horror and astonishment in his every look.

"Marry my niece!" said he. "Why, you have not a surplus dollar in the world, while my niece is very wealthy. You, sir, are a fortune-hunter, and no more. Show me worthiness, and you shall have her," and he plunged into his newspaper again.

"How shall I show worthiness?" queried Jerry.

"By working, by being a man of ability. Go away, and come back at the end of two years and a half with ten thousand dollars, and you shall have her."

Jerry turned away.

"Will you do it?" yelled the old man.

"I will," was the answer.

Two years passed, and Jerry had accumulated, by all the shrewdness he could muster, but five thousand dollars. As you may well imagine, he and Laura had written to each other constantly during this period, and now that his time was nearly up, he notified Laura that it would be impossible for him to raise the other five thousand in the next six months, and talked seriously of leaving the country.

But Laura wrote to him not to despond, and that she would come to his aid in the eleventh hour.

And she did.

His guardianship being nearly up, old Jacob became very accommodating to his niece, and anything that she wanted she must have.

And she wanted five thousand dollars. She wanted to make a famous contribution to an orphan asylum. It is unnecessary to say that the money was forthcoming, and that it was soon placed in the hands of Mr. Jerry Brinton.

Jerry felt his color rise, but then it went down again; and he added the two five thousands together and sewed them in the lining of his overcoat, and started for the great city to claim his wife.

Arriving in New York—the home of his Laura—he dropped into a restaurant for a lunch, on the completion of which he seized his overcoat and started for Smith's.

Arriving there, he was confronted by old Jacob, who immediately asked him if he had the ten thousand dollars.

At this moment Jerry discovered to his horror that he had made a mistake in overcoats. He was nearly speechless. He muttered something unintelligible, and old Jacob with a triumphant look in his eyes, ordered him away from the premises, adding that he was a worthless vagabond, and that he knew he had no ability when he first laid eyes on him, and that he would never be worth a dollar in the world. He also added that on the morrow Mr. Marcus Whitewater was to sue for the hand of Laura, and that she should marry him.

At this juncture a dandified fellow came puffing up in a terrible passion.

"See heah, fellah!" said he, "how dare you steal a gentleman's overcoat, you thief?"

Jerry's eyes flashed. The dandy wore his own missing garment, and Jerry stripped it off him in a moment. He made a rip in the lining and produced ten thousand dollars.

Both the other men looked as if dumb with astonishment, and their manners instantly changed, especially that of old Jacob.

"Mr. Whitewater, let me introduce you to Mr. Brinton, my prospective nephew."

Jerry bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction, and rushed into the house to find Laura.

The next day there was a wedding at Mr. Jacob Smith's, and Jerry Brinton and Laura Smith were the principals.

Love or Duty?

OR,
BERTHA IRVING'S DECISION.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was a perfect gem of a house, with its wide central hall, lighted from the roof by daintily-hued glass, that made brilliant flags of variegated light on the tessellated marble pavement; with a balcony around the second story that was ornamented with occasional marble statues; with a bay-window either side the front entrance, and a high flight of marble steps to the door.

Bertha Irving stood in the elegant little hallway, just where a ray of vivid crimson light fell athwart her beautiful little head, and lying like a warm caress on the waving braids of purple-black hair—her hands clasped in a mute ecstasy of admiration, and her lovely, flower-like face turned to Lisle Ashfield's in an eloquence of pride of love. He smiled patronizingly down in her sweet, happy eyes.

"So you think you'll like it, Bertha! I was quite sure you would, and indeed you ought to, in payment for all the trouble I have taken in running it up."

"Like it! Oh, Lisle, I shall just love it! We shall be so happy here, in our dear home, and I am positive if you had searched the world over you could not have suited us better."

Mr. Ashfield stroked his long, handsome side-whiskers, complacently.

"There are all conveniences, the agent informs me; so that there exists only one fault, in my estimation—the house is too large. But I suppose it is a preferable fault to being too small."

Bertha put on a pretty little matronly look. "Too large, Lisle! Let me see. There is the parlor and dining-room, and the splendid big kitchen and pantry, and the cellars—you see there are none too many rooms there. Then, up-stairs—one—two—three—four—sleeping-rooms, and the servants' room in the attic, not counting the bath-room and closets."

She looked at him, half-inquiringly.

"Correct, my little housewife—and you look so enchanting sweet with that little frown of stupendous importance on your forehead that I am tempted to rush off down to the clergyman and bring him back and marry you on the spot, you little darling, you!"

Bertha laughed and flushed.

"I guess you can wait only six weeks longer, Lisle."

"I presume I shall have to, and console myself with the anticipations of the time when I shall have you all to myself in this pretty little home of ours, with not a soul to disturb the harmony of our fireside."

He would doubtless have kissed her if there had been no danger of the agent who had accompanied them, popping suddenly in from a tour of investigation in the adjoining rooms. Bertha looked longingly up in his handsome face.

"You forget papa, Lisle, and aunt Olly, who will have no home when I am—married, but the one you give me."

Mr. Ashfield opened his eyes, astonishedly.

"Your father and Miss Olly! Why, Bertha, you don't mean to say you ever intended, for a moment, to have them live with us?"

A little flutter of pain at his tone and manner, seized her lips a second, but she lifted a sweet, smiling face to his.

"Lisle, dear, what could I have thought else! You know papa is hopelessly infirm, and could never get along without me, and dear, kind aunt Olly has worn herself out for papa and I ever since mamma died, years and years ago."

Ashfield was stroking his whiskers, with a rapid, impatient gesture, and there crept a gleam in his eyes that, for a second, made the first horrid pang of wondering doubt in the girl's heart that perhaps aunt Olly had been right, when, months ago, she had said, very gently, she somehow did not think Mr. Ashfield had the ring of the true metal. Then, Bertha put the intruding horror loyally away.

"Surely, surely, Lisle, you would not love me if I could leave them to get along the best way they could, while I come to this elegant little home your love will make for me?"

Her grave, loving eyes were meeting his, bravely.

"I surely think, I suppose, your family are able to get along somehow. You know I am only on a salary, Bertha, and it will require economy on your part and industry on mine to get along as I want to."

Bertha's face drooped slowly and her heart felt strangely sick.

"I do not think you would find them any great expense," she said, very gently. "I will do without what will keep them."

A sneer gleamed in Lisle Ashfield's eyes, and, for a second, curled his lips; a sneer Bertha saw, and felt to her very soul with a keen thrill of dismay that she did not know was the severing of the bond between heart and heart—if bond there was.

"Certainly it never can be, Bertha. I did not engage to marry the family, nor do I calculate to have my home turned into an hospital for helpless old gentlemen, or a retreat for antediluvian old ladies. No, Bertha, I want only you."

A white agony spread slowly over her sweet, pained face, and she set her lips very firmly together for a moment.

"Very well, Lisle; you know best what you intend to do—and so do I. I will never desert those who have spent their youth and health and strength for me, when youth and health and strength are gone. I will go to no home where papa and aunt Olly are not as welcome as your helpless relatives would be in mine."

She spoke so gravely, so firmly, so honestly, and looked so noble in this new role in which he had never seen her.

"Bertha, don't be childish! Remember how dearly I love you—and how you love me, and don't allow a ridiculous whim like this—"

She made a gravely imperious motion of her head.

"It's not a whim; can you not discern a principle from a fancy? You don't understand, I am afraid."

He reached out his hand to draw her to his side.

"I understand I want you, dear, as I said. Shall we go now, and select our carpets?"

"Bertha drew her gloves on, thoughtfully. "It must be set led—now. Lisle—it is in your hands entirely."

He frowned angrily.

"Do you really mean to say you hesitate for a moment between me and your superannuated old people, who—"

A straight look from her placid gray eyes silenced him.

"Lisle—no more. You have settled it, and the question needs no further discussion. I do not hesitate between you and my family; I do not hesitate between love and duty, and from this moment we can never be more than friends. I am ready to go—oh, Mr. Mackenzie, we were wondering where you were."

And the chattering, voluble house-agent had no idea that the match was "off" between the two who walked silently out.

It was hard on her—and more than once or twice, or a dozen times Bertha cried herself sick about it, until Harry Elmer came in one day and told her the news of Mr. Ashfield's engagement to Alexandra Wellington, the scheming, artful little blue-eyed widow, who publicly boasted being worth fifty thousand dollars, and of her admiration for Mr. Lisle Ashfield.

A great sorrow arose in Bertha's throat, and she had to force herself into severest self-control.

"Well—I can't say I care so very much, Harry—only—only you have been such a faithful friend so many years, that I don't mind telling you I feel—well, I am not sure whether I am grieved or vexed that he has engaged himself so soon."

Harry came over to the sofa where Bertha was sewing.

"You don't know whether to be angry or sorry? Look here, Bertha. I am a faithful friend, as you said, so suppose you let me advise you?"

Somewhat, Bertha flushed foolishly as she caught a glance of his earnest eyes.

"Well," she said, in a whisper.

"Marry me—will you? Not now, because you don't love me enough, dear, and I never will call a woman